New Republic

JANUARY 17, 1949

THE FAIR DEAL BEGINS

1. THE PRESIDENT CHARTS THE COURSE
2. THE CONGRESS CLEARS THE DECKS
3. DEAN ACHESON TAKES OVER STATE

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New Republic

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1949, IN THE U. S. A. BY EDITORIAL PUBLICATIONS, INC., 40 EAST 49 ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y. ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879. SINGLE COPY 15¢; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, SIX DOLLARS; CANADA & FOREIGN, SEVEN DOLLARS. Printed in the U. S. A.

WASHINGTON WIRE

WE CAUGHT ourself musing the other day. Come the Revolution, shall we recognize it? Consider what President Truman told the 81st Congress in his State of the Union Message under kleig lights, while the world looked and listened. He called for extension of government authority beyond anything Roosevelt ever proposed, and set forth plans for federal intervention in private business that would have been harder to get through a past congressional committee than it would be to open an oyster with a wet bus ticket. And what happened? When the breath-taking speech was over, the stock market went up. Do we ever really know a Revolution when we see it?

By craning hard in our press-gallery perch and shifting our ponderous weight to one foot, we could look down on Truman's pink left cheek as he faced the Senators, Representatives, members of the cabinet, foreign envoys and crowded galleries. We could also see the left lense of his spectacles and one shoulder illuminated by movie spotlights. The President parts his hair on the left side, so we could see that, too. Truman seemed to be having a better time than anybody else. He came in beaming. Maybe he remembered the last time he stood on this dais—and the time before that—when Congress yawned in his face. It listened raptly this time.

Looking down over the presidential shoulder, we could see the manuscript in the three-ring loose-leaf notebook—about ten very black, short lines to the page, typed like poetry, with wide margins. We watched the presidential right thumb insert itself under the next page, ready for the turn, while his left hand waved in a sort of time-beating gesture. There were eight movie cameras focused on him, a couple of television machines, a dozen spotlights, and five mikes on his desk.

There were 32 separate interruptions of applause. But as we listened from our precarious vantage point (between a large Scripps-Howard man and a woman who kept saying she couldn't see a thing) it seemed to us that the applause was pretty humdrum and perfunctory. Truman was giving the speech everything he had. For greater emphasis, he wiggled his shoulders (at least the left one). But the reception of his near-socialist proposals was matter-of-fact rather than excited. And that to us was most interesting. With Roosevelt, it would have been a crusade. This man had none of FDR's magnificent presence. His startling ideas sounded like Main Street commonplaces. And in its way, it is a gift to be able to make the Revolution sound as casual as shopping at the Safeway. So far as we could judge, most congressmen accepted it in the same spirit. Harness the business cycle? Sure, why not? National health insurance? Ho-hum, maybe it's about time. Government transmission lines to the homes to carry government power? Okay, boss, if you want it that way. That was the mood of one of the most memorable events of our topsy-turvy times. It was, in part, a tribute to Truman; even more, perhaps, to the man, now dead, who made the New Deal seem natural and commonplace.

Congress is gathering momentum. What might be described as a Truman "steam-roller" is coming into being. Deft, professional hands are taking over. How strange it seems for a change to hear the screams of rage coming from the conservative side! The first of various far-reaching events was the closed-door caucus of Senate Republicans. Some tart observations were exchanged as to why Dewey lost the election. Newspapers described the

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New Republic

"crushing" of the anti-Taft rebels in the 28-14 vote.

Actually, of course, the real significance is on the other side—the fact that the revolt is under way at all, and continuing. When you get such Republicans as Saltonstall, Lodge and Ives calling the party leadership too conservative, it is worth noting.

The House Democratic caucus was similarly significant. Again it was in secret, but news quickly leaked that the Rankin-Smith-Cox trio of Dewey-Dixiecrats had been soundly spanked. Next came the first big test vote on the House floor, on the proposal to curb the autocratic Rules Committee. This Administration victory—275-142—really told the story. In a quiet way, the result was spectacular. Only 31 Southerners deserted Truman at the shrill call of Cox and Howard Smith (D, Va.). And to counter-balance them, 49 Republicans left the GOP and came over to the Administration. Even Republicans couldn't stomach a repetition of the arbitrary Rules Committee of the 80th Congress—a single 40-watt bulb that could hold up the whole nation's legislative traffic behind one stop light.

Notes. The federal margarine tax should be repealed in three months. . . . Robert E. Stripling, House Un-American Activities Committee investigator, has quit to syndicate his memoirs for Hearst. . . . GOP strategy is now to raise the civil-rights issue quickly to try to split the Democrats. . . . Universal military training stands little chance in this Congress. Also, few think Congress will authorize government entrance into steel production, though the threat may make the big-steel boys behave. . . . The National Association of Electric Companies is out with a nice red-covered leaflet for the new Congress denouncing TVA expansion. . . . Calmly and dispassionately the three-man Economic Council pulled to pieces the argument that corporate profits are not really high. Profits top $21 billion after taxes this year, following the unprecedented $18 billion garnered in 1947.

Washington T.R.B.

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VOLUME 120, NUMBER 3, ISSUE 1781, NEW YORK CITY, JANUARY 17, 1949 **New Republic**

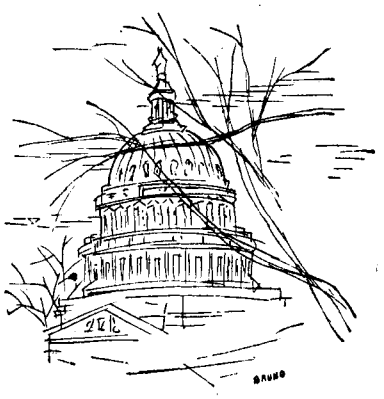
THE FAIR DEAL BEGINS

1. The President Charts the Course

HARRY TRUMAN is about to send to the 81st Congress one of the boldest reform programs ever presented by an American President.

In legislation for housing, minimum wages, agriculture, fair labor practices, and taxes, the President plans to make up for the lost years of rearmament, war and reaction, and to restore the principles achieved by the New Deal.

In legislation for social security, health, civil rights and federal aid to education the President plans to carry forward New Deal concepts to new achievements.



In the altogether new legislation projected by the economic report, President Truman plans to advance the economic concept of American democracy and the role of representative government beyond New Deal horizons. He plans to present to Congress measures which, if enacted, will ensure permanent prosperity.

In his economic report the President commits the government to six guides to economic policy.

First: The goal established by the Full Employment Act, of maximum employment, production and purchasing power, is "attainable."

"Maximum employment for 1949," according to the President, "means that nearly one million additional job opportunities should be provided for the growing labor force. Maximum production means . . . a three to four-percent increase in total output. Maximum purchasing power means that the sum total of market demand by government, business and consumers, domestic and foreign, should be proportionate to our productive capacity. It must not be more. It must not be less."

Second: ". . . Our immediate tasks must be placed in the perspective of our long-range national objectives. . . . We must not unduly hold back undertakings that are needed to preserve and develop our employment opportunities and our productivity in later years."

Third: ". . . We need concrete objectives for economic growth and, particularly, standards for a better balance between production and consumption, income and investment, and prices, profits and wages, which will be conducive to sustained economic progress."

Fourth: "We are dedicated to the principle that economic stability and economic justice are compatible ends. A prosperity that is too uneven in the distribution of its fruits cannot last."

Fifth: "We must fulfill the requirements of our essential programs—national defense, international reconstruction, and domestic improvements and welfare—even if doing so may require the temporary exercise of selective controls."

Sixth: "The vigorous commitment by the government to anti-inflation policy should not obscure the fact that the government is equally committed to an anti-depression policy. . . . The government needs both anti-inflationary and anti-deflationary weapons. . . ."

These principles commit the government to immediate action to ensure lasting full employment. They project prompt legislation, not only for progressive taxation, allocation powers, rent control and resource development, but for immediate expansion of industrial capacity.

Two short paragraphs in the President's economic report are probably more significant for the future of our economy than any message since Roosevelt proposed the TVA. They read:

> There are shortages of supply in certain critical areas which are so serious as to impede maximum production in an expanding economy and to limit programs related to national security.
>
> I recommend immediate legislation to deal with this

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problem of capacity and supply. It should impose upon the government the specific responsibility and provide the funds to make careful surveys of future supply needs and productive capacity. It should further require that these specific studies be correlated with the general requirements of an economy operating at maximum employment, production and purchasing power. To the extent that the facts reveal the need, it should provide additional authority to deal more effectively with inadequacy of capacity and supply.

The immediate legislation proposed here will soon be presented to Congress. The areas of industrial shortages, which are also the areas for national planning and action by government under this legislation, are chartered with precision in the third annual review of the President's Council of Economic Advisers. This legislation can mean jobs for all, from now on. It will not mean socialism, but the continuation, in the President's words, of "the happy combination of our free institutions, our system of private enterprise upon which we primarily rely for economic results, our vigorous government, and the mutual respect and trust that we all hold for one another."

2. Congress Clears the Decks

THE LIBERAL MAJORITY of the 81st Congress is acting with extraordinary determination to carry through the President's program.

Sam Rayburn had barely gaveled the first session of the 81st Congress to order when John Rankin jumped up, demanding the floor. The question before the House was revising the rules in order to break the power of bottleneck held by the Rules Committee. "Mr. Speaker, I offer a substitute," Rankin shouted, waving his resolution in the air. "Mr. Speaker, we have a right to be heard."

"The question is not debatable," Rayburn quietly remarked in the general direction of the objecting Dixiecrat. And by a vote of 275 to 142, the rules were revised.

Nor had the nature of the election mandate been "debatable" in the caucus of House Democrats two days before. Rayburn and Majority Leader John McCormack (Mass.) had been fair but tough with the die-hard Southerners.

To the protests of Eugene Cox (Ga.) and Howard Smith (Va.) that weakening the power of the Rules Committee was actually opening the door to passage of the President's Civil Rights Program, McCormack sternly warned that the party organization is "a two-way street," and that the Southerners in this Congress will be expected to go along with the whole party program, not just the parts they like.

At that, Rankin jumped up, waved his bony finger and shouted about Stalin and his FEPC. "The President was not elected by Mississippi," Representative Eberharter (Penn.) caustically replied, and Rankin fell silent. Only 48 members of the caucus, all Southerners, voted against liberalizing the rules. Only 31 of these Southerners finally voted No when the issue came to the floor on opening day. Now the chairman of any standing committee, on recognition by the Speaker, can call up any bill his committee has approved, at any time after it has been before the Rules Committee for 21 days.

Perhaps an even greater blow to the wrecking power of the Southerners was the vote of the Democrats to maintain a continuous caucus whose decisions, by a two-thirds majority, will be binding, on all members. "What will you do if we break the caucus pledge?" Gene Cox inquired in the private session. "You'll get your knuckles rapped, I guess," Adolph Sabath, the elderly Rules Committee chairman, told him. In reality, the leadership has somewhat more drastic action in mind: It can deny the Southerners patronage, continue the tactic of refusing them recognition on the floor at critical moments; and even demote or remove them from committee positions if necessary. The Administration has not lifted a finger to "purge" the dissident Dixiecrats from their place in the party, but the means have been left ready to hand for the Southerners to "purge" themselves.

On a third key point, the Democratic caucus acted wisely too. Most of the six vacancies on the crucial House Committee on Committees, which decides committee assignments, were filled by progressives. The way is clear for filling the key spots on the most important committees with men and women who believe in every section of the Democratic platform and the President's message to Congress.

On two scores, at least, the record of the opening days in the House is disappointing. Nothing has been done about the outworn seniority rule which gives disproportionate control of the congressional committees to the senile and the South. The new subcommittee on organization of Congress scheduled to be set up this year, perhaps with able young Mike Monroney at its head, should give this issue top priority on its agenda.

The malodorous Committee on Un-American Activities was continued, in the adoption of new rules, along with all the other standing committees of

WILLIAM SAYLES

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the House. The Administration maintained that a counting of noses had indicated that it did not have the votes to abolish the group, and discouraged attempts by a group of new and ardent members to kill the committee.

Promises have been made of a special committee to study the "proper conduct" of congressional investigations in general, and to bring in a report which can serve as a standard for reforming committee procedure. The staff will be improved. But under the chairmanship of F. E. Hébert (La.), the Un-American Activities Committee will still be a source of rumor and poison with which no liberal Representative can afford to be identified.

In the Senate, the progress made in the opening days was less notable, though there is cause for joy in the appointment of some very able new Senators to some of the key committee posts. The three Democratic vacancies on the highly important Senate Labor Committee went to Hubert Humphrey (Minn.), Paul Douglas (Ill.) and Matt Neely (W. Va.), all proved friends of labor.

But the Senate has made only a reluctant and inadequate start on legislation to prevent filibusters. The President's Civil Rights Program and other major domestic proposals cannot go through the Senate unless the present rules for enforcing cloture are changed. Both Democrats and Republicans have dropped in bills revising the cloture rules, but only one of those offered up to now, that of Senator Francis Myers (D, Penn.), is at all adequate. None of the other proposals is capable of preventing a successful filibuster. Nothing short of a provision that debate in the Senate can be limited by the vote of a majority of the constituted membership at any time will furnish satisfactory insurance for the President's program.

3. Dean Acheson Takes Over State

THE APPOINTMENT of Dean Acheson as Secretary of State, and of James Webb as Undersecretary, marks the beginning of a reorganization in government. They demonstrate Truman's awareness that for a reform movement which moves forward in a balanced way a liberal Administration is as important as Congress and the program.

Quite properly the President has moved slowly in reorganizing the government. But since his first effort to break out of the sterile procedures of diplomatic orthodoxy, in the proposed Vinson Mission, the President's ambition to win freedom of action in foreign policy has increased.

His first move in gaining mobility was the reorganization of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. In the 80th Congress the committee consisted of seven Republicans and six Democrats. Now it is made up of eight Democrats and five Republicans. The Republicans have denounced this move as a rejection of bipartisanship. It is, and it should be. The time has come for a political offensive for peace.

The President's second move is the reorganization of the State Department. Marshall, as the policy chief, was overwhelmed with developing crises in Germany, China, France and the Near East, particularly since he headed our UN delegation. The formulation of foreign policy passed to the military, in General Clay, and the members of the National Security Council and to their counterpart in the State Department, Undersecretary Robert Lovett. Lovett, the arch-conservative whose task was administrative, made policy decisions that undermined the policies and commitments of the President, particularly those on Palestine.

As Secretary, Acheson will formulate policy with the President. He does not represent a soft policy toward Russia. He stands for an active *political* policy as against the dead weight of military force. He speaks for those who believe that an active political policy, supported by economic reconstruction and some military aid, can resolve the cold war without fighting. His insistence on an active policy led him, we think mistakenly, to help formulate the Truman Doctrine. At the same time he insisted on maximum East-West trade in ERP. Together with Webb, he will slowly reassert civilian supremacy over foreign policy. For Webb, as Director of the Bureau of the Budget, has been an outstanding administrator, well known for his opposition to military pressure. He led in the successful fight to limit military appropriations to $15 billion in the present budget.

It seems certain to us that the President will attempt to initiate a new settlement with the USSR. Without this effort, the proposed new military commitments to Western Europe will lose a great deal of their justification and their appeal to liberals in Congress. The chance of success for the President depends very largely on the mood of the Soviet government and leads to an all-important question: How do the Russians interpret these changes?

The *Daily Worker* describes the President's new program as "this imitation Goering program." It calls it "the program demanded by the bankers, the generals and the armaments trust. . . . Truman," it adds, "wants a wage freeze . . . more and bigger cold-war provocations . . . the old Goering war economy . . . semi-starvation, longer hours and the loss of democracy."

No one in America can be deceived by these ravings. What about Soviet leaders? Fifty-one words in *Pravda* allotted to the State of the Union Message, the few scornful remarks of Soviet commentators, give no hint of Soviet reactions. In the hope that these lines may be read in Moscow we assert again that our conservatives have been beaten, our government is out to win world peace and our democracy never held greater promise for all its citizens.

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THE WEEK

THE COURT AND THE UNIONS

The first result of the Supreme Court's decisions upholding state anti-closed-shop laws was to leave labor leaders with the feeling that perhaps, after all, they had lost the election last November. Joseph D. Keenan, director of the AFL Labor's League for Political Education, expressed the conviction that workers must realize that "neither the Supreme Court nor repeal of the Taft-Hartley Act can save their unions from eventual destruction." Unions could feel secure, he said, "only when we have elected at all levels of government public officeholders friendly to the interests of a majority of the people."

Most labor lawyers believe that repeal of the T-H Act would do much to cure the evils which otherwise would flow from the court's decisions. Justice Black, writing the opinion for an all but unanimous court, did not mention Taft-Hartley. But one section of that statute—deliberately giving state laws priority over the federal government's law on union security—prevented union lawyers from seeking to argue the general principle that federal legislation takes precedence over state legislation in fields in which Congress has acted.

Under the old Wagner Act the court repeatedly had upheld union-shop and closed-shop contracts and had never ruled that state laws, attempting to prohibit these forms of union security, were supreme. The fact that Congress in debate on the Wagner Act had considered the closed-shop issue, and refused to act against it, was sufficient in the court's view to justify the institution. Taft-Hartley changed this. When Congress corrects its T-H errors, in the opinion of union lawyers, the whole context of the argument will be altered.

The court's decisions were consistent with its views—since Roosevelt's day—on the power of legislatures to regulate changing social situations. Black has an almost religious conviction on this subject and the conservative members of the court were obviously happy to join him on this occasion. Justice Frankfurter wrote a concurring opinion, arguing that unions were now big, strong organizations capable of taking care of themselves. Only Justices Murphy and Rutledge revealed a troubled spirit about the impact of hostile state laws on the economic realities of labor-management relations and refused to join wholly in Black's opinion.

The court's decision has intensified the general feeling of labor that the Wagner Act must be restored and that unions must continue political activity.

TAFT THE LIBERAL

Senator Taft is so sick and tired of being called a reactionary by his own party colleagues that he had decided to do something about it. Something, that is, considerably short of changing his political philosophy. As a start toward improving his public reputation, he had quiet talks with several Washington reporters a few days before the Senate Republican caucus met to decide whether Taft should continue as chairman of the GOP policy committee. Taft's complaint was that he is no more reactionary than some of the so-called "Young Turks" who have been pinning the label on him in an effort to unseat him as policy chairman.

When The Devil Was Sick, The Devil A Monk Would Be

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To document his case the Senator had on his desk a copy of the *New Republic's* voting chart, published last summer at the end of the 80th Congress. Of the 15 key issues listed in the chart, Taft showed that he had cast his vote on the liberal side five times, which was about the same as the record for three of the Republicans—Ives, Lodge and Knowland—who led the fight to unseat him. Furthermore, Taft-the-liberal was ahead of three others who have been intensely active against him—Baldwin, Gurney and Young.

Several reporters obliged by writing stories comparing Taft favorably with Lodge and others of his party foes. But the point Taft proved, intentionally or not, was that the GOP fight was not really one of liberals v. reactionaries. It was window dressing in a real struggle for party power. Taft's suspicion was that Ives of New York, who was Dewey's spokesman in the 80th Congress, was still acting in that role. And that Lodge, in trying to succeed Taft as policy chairman, was thinking more of his own chances in '52 than of matters of political principle.

At all events, the Republican caucus backed up Taft—28 to 14. With his record of better-than-the-worst Republicans, Taft will continue to speak for the GOP in the 81st Congress.

PORTRAIT OF A LOBBYIST

To Representative Jesse Wolcott (R, Mich.) and other members of the Grand Old Party who were responsible for the 80th Congress' failure to enact housing legislation, the name of Arthur W. Binns is a familiar one. Binns is president of the National Home and Property Owners' Foundation, which reported spending almost $210,000 last year lobbying against rent control and housing legislation.

Last week Binns was taken to court in Philadelphia, where he is a big real-estate operator and former president of the Philadelphia Real Estate Board. He was accused of being the "worst operator of firetraps and health menaces" in the city. H. M. Packer, city housing and sanitation chief, said that the condition of homes operated by Binns "shocked even hardened inspectors by their filth and squalor: many of them are rat-infested and overrun with vermin and many lack any water supply or sanitary facilities. Despite repeated warnings to Binns, these conditions have gone uncorrected for two years."

NEW FACES IN CONGRESS

This is the fourth of a series on new members of the 81st Congress.

PENNSYLVANIA is sending 11 new Democratic Representatives to Washington—more than any other state.

Three who defeated reactionary Republicans are Harry J. Davenport, of Pittsburgh, James F. Lind, of York, and Earl Chudoff, of Philadelphia. Davenport won over John McDowell of the Un-American Activities Committee. Lind retired Chester H. Gross, described by the Pennsylvania Federation of Labor as "the worst congressman in Pennsylvania." Chudoff turned out Franklin J. Maloney, who voted wrong on practically every piece of legislation.

All three new men promised to vote to repeal Taft-Hartley, seek effective inflation controls, support a low-cost housing program, increase the minimum wage to $1 an hour, establish a Fair Employment Practices Commission, increase the personal exemption in income taxes, extend social security to all wage earners and help enact some form of federal aid to expand medical facilities.

Davenport is the most colorful of the three. He is a scrappy little Pittsburgh Irishman who will sound off often and loud. He is tied up with labor, all the way, despite the fact that he is a businessman, the publisher of the East Liberty *Shopping News* and a former secretary of the East Liberty Chamber of Commerce. He received strong support from the United Electrical Workers and every day wears a necktie with "Repeal the Taft-Hartley Act" slogans printed on it. He promises that he won't change to a standard cravat until that "infamous" law is off the statute books.

Davenport sounds suspiciously like a ham-and-egger. He told the Pennsylvania Federation of Labor: "I know that all benefits provided for under the Social Security Act can be increased out of present funds. I favor $100 old-age pensions for all persons over 60."

Lind, the new Representative from York, is an "organization" man. He was selected by party chiefs as a substitute when Guy A. Leader, who won the primary, became ill.

"First of all," Lind said after his election, "I intend to seek the counsel of the Democratic majority. I want to be guided by the experience of those who have given much more attention to these problems than I have."

Lind's only other public office has been a term as chief clerk to the York county commissioners.

Chudoff wants to make sure the party takes the liberal road. He is one of the most promising men Philadelphia has sent to Washington in a long time. A good campaigner, he carried his district against Republican and Progressive candidates by a wider margin than was received by any other victorious Representative in the state.

Chudoff won't place party unity above principle. And he won't be a crackpot. He is devoted to the ideal of keeping the Democratic Party liberal. Representing a district composed primarily of Negroes, Jews and Irish, he will fight for anti-discrimination legislation.

"I am definitely for President Truman's civil-rights program, which I hope will be passed in its entirety by this Congress," he has said.

Chudoff believes the housing shortage is the most important problem facing the 81st Congress and favors passage of the Taft-Ellender-Wagner bill and stronger rent controls.

Chudoff is a lawyer. He served in four terms of the Pennsylvania legislature, where he took an active part in floor debates and was a keen analyst of legislation.

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What We Haven't Learned In Greece

TEN THOUSAND young men have just been called to the colors in Greece. According to War Minister Constantin Rentis, 10,000 more will be called in February. The Greek army will then have 212,000 men (including 50,000 in the National Guard) largely equipped with modern materiel, of which the US has supplied $170 million worth.

Nevertheless, the Greek army is marking time in the struggle against the Markos partisans. Despite the fact that the guerrillas were dislodged last spring from their mountain positions in the north, after having suffered many losses, their number has increased from 15,000 to 20,000. Moreover, since September, they have reconquered a whole series of positions.

Light is shed on the Greek stalemate by an article written during the German occupation by Major General Hugo Kirchnawe, in the (German) *National Zeitung* of May 17, 1944. The author emphasized the mountainous, often inaccessible character of the region, which favors rapid transposition by local bands and prevents any large concentration of regular troop formations at given points. He said the German used three kinds of tactics against the Greek patriot guerrillas in the mountains.

1. *"Flushing the game"*—that is, cleaning out a region by a series of encircling movements—"demands an enormous commitment of forces without a result commensurate with the means employed," Kirchnawe wrote. "A large-scale action of this type was undertaken in the frontier zone of Serbia and Bulgaria for the instruction of the so-called Eastern Corps. It necessitated a mass levy of six or seven battalions and led to the taking of only 80 or 90 prisoners."

2. *"The chase toward a mobile line."* This was the creation and surveillance of a kind of armed corridor that squeezed the guerrillas toward a rather long line "occupied at changing points by small detachments which laid ambushes." This tactic gave "better results without, however, leading to the real cleaning up of any area, largely because the population was terrorized by the bands."

3. *"The organization of counter-bands."* This was the creation of small detachments supplied with light arms similar to the guerrilla bands themselves. The result was fairly good when the guerrillas were pursued "day and night without respite, and enveloped by long-distance fire." But even this did not clean up the bands. Kirchnawe had to propose "the internment of the entire male population of the area to be cleaned."

There are additional reasons for the present stalemate. The Markos bands can withdraw into Albania (which has a 155-mile frontier with Greece), or Bulgaria (300-mile frontier), or Yugoslavia (150-mile frontier). The regular forces must guard widely separated cities which are easily subject to attack. They must control the means of communication and, finally, they must invest large forces in the north, close to frontiers and on precise "fronts" (as recently in the major battle of Mt. Grammos).

Moreover, operations are expensive for one side and cost the other little. Athens has been backed by British and US money to the tune of $1,100 million if we include lend-lease deliveries, UNRRA supplies, advances from the Office of the Foreign Liquidation Commissioner, and private credits. The Russians, who push Markos about on the Greek chessboard, spend a great deal less, since many of the partisans live off the land.

OUTSIDE AMERICA

In Germany a couple of years ago it was one of General Lucius D. Clay's biggest jobs to decide which Germans were bad and which, if any, good. He was given the job because it was one of the major US policies to keep bad Germans out of places where they could do more harm, and to give good Germans as much support as possible.

The General worked on the theory that the old bosses of the steel and coal cartels were bad. After all, most of these men were former Nazis or reactionary Junkers who had played Hitler's game. On the other hand, Germans who voted in free elections for democratic constitutions and laws could be presumed to be good.

On this theory, Clay approved when the people of the state of Hesse voted overwhelmingly for Article 41 of their new constitution. This took some of the steel and coal industries from the cartelists and put them into the hands of leaders of trade unions, members of democratic city councils and public commissions. The General made no bones about his dislike of socialization, but his job was to support good Germans, and if the democrats of Hesse wanted socialization, he wasn't going to stand in their way.

Well over a year afterward, on the eve of last Armistice Day, Clay issued Ordinance Number 75, which provided for greater control by the Germans of their industries. The good Germans of the state of Hesse thought they were sitting pretty—hadn't the good General Clay shown his confidence in them long before? They were wrong. Two months later Francis E.

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Sheehan, acting director of military government for Hesse, ordered that the steel and coal industries be returned to their former owners, the cartelists. It appears that a cold wind blowing from the north and east has made General Clay change his mind about which Germans are bad and which, if any, are good.

★

The Luftwaffe airfields were familiar; the tall, blond man had been an interested visitor some years ago at Tempelhof, Fürstenfeldbruck, Neubiberg and elsewhere in the Reich. A little more than 10 years ago Field Marshal Herman Goering and a flock of Nazi air generals had danced attendance upon him. The tall, blond man had spoken glowingly about Nazi progress in military aviation, referred contemptuously to what he had seen in the Soviet Union; and to make his point quite clear had accepted the second highest Nazi decoration.

Now he was getting VIP treatment from Major General Robert W. Douglass Jr. and other big brass of USAFE (the United States Air Force in Europe). And there were no statements; everything about the visit of the tall, blond man was hush-hush. All of which was quite natural, since there is a cold war on and Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh is acting as special adviser on technical matters to the USAFE.

★

At the Le Bourget airport in the suburbs of Paris, a dapper gentleman from the Quai D'Orsay's protocol section rushed up to an arriving Spaniard, bowed, scraped, and went through the effusions of diplomatic courtesy. A not so dapper Frenchman from the Deuxième Bureau confronted another arriving Spaniard and with the somewhat less than polite manners of the secret police, took him in hand for questioning.

The second Spaniard was Enrique Lister, once a hero in Paris. As a Loyalist general in the civil war he had tried to prevent the Nazi OKW from testing its tactics and weapons for World War II. The first Spaniard was Nicholas Franco, brother and helper of the Caudillo whose name once was execrated in Paris. On the day the two of them were arriving, still another Spaniard, Juan Fernandez, also a former Loyalist general, was being ordered to leave France.

The oncoming shadows of World War III blot out the memories of World War II, rearranging the old patterns of heroism and villainy.

★

Europeans are all ears when Paul G. Hoffman speaks. The voice of ECA's top man carries tremendous weight because he seems the living symbol of the New World's sympathetic understanding of the Old World's problems. Moreover, it has been the Europeans' practical experience during the last year that the ECA chief has had more to do with the making of US policy than the top US diplomats and soldiers.

Hence, Hoffman had a huge European audience last week when he spoke in New York about his trip to Europe and Asia. In the course of his speech he attacked the Soviet leaders, whom he accused of making a power drive. Then he said, "Hitler was a baby compared with this gang. He didn't know what it was all about. He was talking and they were acting . . ."

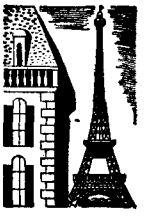
It's hard to resist the temptation to inquire whether Hoffman ever listened to Hitler's talk at any time from 1936 through May, 1945, which is the period during which Hitler spoke loudly, then quit talking altogether. Many Europeans will remember the voice for a long time, though obviously it must have sounded different to them than it did to Hoffman. The Spaniards heard it at Lerida where it spoke in the whine of the dive bombers. The Czechs heard it later in the clank of tanks through Prague and the hammer of machine guns at Lidice. The Norwegians heard it beguiling them through the mouth of Quisling. To the British it wasn't a man speaking but a buzz bomb droning across the sky and thumping at last on some block of London.

A number of Americans also remember the voice—the flat, splitting crack of the 88 or the whack of a bouncing land mine, which had a way of going off at the height of your groin. It was an infinitely varied way of talking that Hitler had. It was always loud, and it could scare the hell out of almost everybody except a hero like Hoffman.

★

As France's High Commissioner for Atomic Energy, Dr. Jean Frederic Joliot-Curie is in charge of the new chain-reacting uranium pile at the Fort du Chatillon, hence close to scientific secrets of vast political and military importance. As a member of the French Communist Party, he is a part of a political organization which is connected very closely with the Soviet Union.

In Paris last week Joliot-Curie was asked if his position didn't threaten a choice of loyalties. He said:



If tomorrow we should discover an essential atomic secret, still unknown to any other country, our duty as Frenchmen would be to guard it jealously as a secret in France until the United Nations has succeeded in outlawing atomic weapons. . . . No French citizen has the right to communicate to any foreign government secrets obtained by means of credits and materials placed at his disposal by his government. The information belongs to France, not to us. To accuse us of wishing to break the confidence imposed on us is to call us traitors. I am not speaking lightly.

Nor has France acted lightly in putting a man like Joliot-Curie in his present position. His record shows that he is a Frenchman, a scientist and a Communist, in that order. In the past the emphasis in the phrase, French scientist, has been on French; and the anti-Communist French government which entrusted Joliot-Curie with nationally vital secrets assumes that in the future the emphasis will be in the same place in the phrase, *French* Communist.

P. W.

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TITOISM IS MORE THAN BALKAN

Threatened by deviations throughout the whole Communist world, the Russian leaders answer with stricter dogma

by Joseph P. Lash

SOME STUDENTS of communism believe that the explanation of any Soviet policy can be found in a diligent analysis of the writings of Lenin and Stalin. These students maintain that the postwar ideological developments in the Soviet Union, with their emphasis on the unbridgeable gap between Communist and non-Communist worlds and the attack on the middle forces that might moderate the conflict, are only the logical outcome of the theories of Marx, Lenin and Stalin.

It is true that the massive literature embodying the ideology of Leninism-Stalinism lends itself more readily to a program of uncompromising class war than to one of conciliation and gradualism. Nevertheless, supporting arguments can be found within the Marxist canon for almost any position which the exigencies of politics might impose. We must, therefore, go outside the framework of ideology to find the real causes of the upheavals which now sweep Soviet intellectual life.

The theoretical aspects of Marxism have always been of major importance in the Communist movement. At critical moments, however, special stress is laid on the study of Marxism-Leninism-Stalinism. The need to rationalize an about-face in policy provides one such occasion; another is the need to revive flagging energies and whet the fighting spirit of Communist militants; faithfulness to ideology is likewise invoked when the ranks have to be united and latent enemies purged.

The end of the Second World War was a decisive moment for the USSR. The Soviet leadership was confronted with the enormous task of mobilizing the energies of a victorious but weary nation for the immense job of reconstruction. It had to restore a social cohesiveness violently ruptured by the war and by contact with the West. It had to assure its absolute control over the world Communist movement, particularly the "new democracies."

It is a commonplace of political psychology that one way to create what sociological jargon calls "in-group cohesion" is to focus feelings of aggression, hostility and anxiety on an "out-group." The Soviet leadership therefore developed an ideology which represents the startling blend of a militant nationalism that emphasizes the unique superiority of Soviet man, society and culture, with a proletarian internationalism that summons the loyal to intransigent class war.

According to classic Marxist theory, socialist society for the first time in history creates the opportunity to eliminate all that is bestial and selfish in man and to annihilate "the savage ethics cultivated by the predatory class society."

But Soviet man, who can only be portrayed in his perfection in Russian literature, is proving refractory. In the March, 1947, issue of the *Bolshevik*, the theoretical magazine of Communist functionaries, a lengthy article by S. Kovalyov appeared on the subject of "Elimination of Capitalist Survivals from the Popular Consciousness." The major theme of this article, which has been issued in the Russian Translation Program of the American Council of Learned Societies, is that successful completion of the new five-year plan depends on eliminating capitalist traits which survive in the Soviet character.

Kovalyov says that the transition from capitalism to communism cannot be accomplished without a radical shift in psychology. A new, native socialist intelligentsia, "devoted to the Soviet system, nurtured on the progressive idea of Marxism-Leninism," has matured in the course of building the Soviet state. Nevertheless, capitalist methods of thinking and feeling persist in the consciousness of the Soviet people. In some measure, the writer explains, this is due to the fact that changes in human consciousness always lag behind the alterations in the material living conditions of a society. Chiefly, however, it represents the continued influence of capitalist encirclement and the penetration of foreign, bourgeois ideas.

How does this "capitalist consciousness" manifest itself concretely? Kovalyov catalogues the deviations scornfully: there are infractions of labor discipline by people who "bed themselves down at the cost of other members of socialist society." There are people who don't like to work and "contrive to give society less output and worse quality." Soviet society, he admonishes Communist functionaries, still has its "loafers," "triflers," "grabbers." They flout labor discipline, produce defective materials, damage equipment and tools. Engineer and technical personnel are content with routine methods and demonstrate "a lack of enthusiasm for the task of inculcating progressive work methods, new techniques, etc."

Kovalyov portrays the situation on collective farms in even darker colors. There is a drift away from collective farm work to the cultivation of private victory-garden plots. Inferior care of cattle and poor methods of cultivation are widely in evidence. Even more serious is the sequestration of the common lands for private use, the dispersal of collective farm livestock, the secreting of grain stocks by managers of agricultural collectives.

Bureaucracy is another evil ascribed by Kovalyov to the survival of capitalist thought patterns. There is often no follow-through on central directives. Red tape stifles initiative. Nepotism and personal friendship influence the selection of personnel and the settling of managerial problems. Criticism is discouraged and even sup-

This is the fourth and last of a series on the present purge of "Western ideas" in the Soviet Union.

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pressed, and bureaucratic methods of management are generally evident in a "do-nothingness, grandstand bustle and show, servility, bootlicking, etc."

The whole tenor of Kovalyov's piece indicates large cracks in socialist discipline and cohesion. This has been independently confirmed not only by Soviet citizens who in considerable numbers have been fleeing to the West, but by the attacks within the Soviet Union on demobilized Red Army men and officers for groveling before "capitalist culture." The postwar purge in the Ukraine and the mass exile imposed on whole nationalities such as the Chechen-Ingush likewise testify to the centrifugal forces that hit Soviet society at the end of the war. And there has been no relaxation of such repressive measures as the internal passport system, administrative exile and confinement in corrective labor camps, and the labor book system with its prohibitions against leaving of jobs and severe penalties for lateness and absence.

Whether all this adds up to a minor "crisis of faith" we do not know. What is clear is that the emphasis on ideology in part grows out of the problem of social indiscipline. Kovalyov goes on to outline the responsibilities of socialist intellectuals in improving this unsatisfactory situation:

"In order to bring about a broad evolution of Communist enlightenment of the people there must be effected an increase in ideological work, an improvement thereof in all its branches—in the field of the press, of social science, of literature, art, party propaganda, and agitation."

The intellectuals have failed to do their job, says Kovalyov, because they themselves were victims of bourgeois ideology. The flaws in ideological and cultural work grow out of a conciliatory attitude toward "bourgeois ideology and yielding ground to it. Into certain works on social science, certain literary and artistic productions there has penetrated an undirected, apolitical, non-critical spirit of accommodation with respect to various bourgeois teachings, theories and modes of thinking hostile to socialism." The exposure of the exploitative character of bourgeois democracy is one of the fundamental tasks of Soviet intellectuals; the other is the inculcation of Soviet patriotism: "We must broadcast the grandeur of the Soviet fatherland —the country having the most advanced social and governmental system, and the most genuine democracy."

In long-established societies obedience to law and social cohesion are reinforced by custom, tradition and religion. Religion in particular, with its mysteries, its threats of punishments and promises of rewards, has in peasant economies been a more effective form of social control and stabilization than open force. An equivalent role is played by ideology in Soviet society. For the humble peasant and artisan it constitutes a system of simple, graphic representations of devils and deities, rewards and punishments. The most important element in this structure has been the spectre of capitalist encirclement and war. Regardless of anything the bourgeois nations did, the need to rally a people weary of war and revolution to another cycle of work and privation made it imperative to recreate the ideological bogey of capitalist encirclement and depravity as a unifying and energizing force.

As important a task for the Soviet leadership as strengthening domestic cohesion was the assertion of its undisputed authority over international communism, particularly the new democracies. Communist Parties in many European countries had emerged from the war immensely strengthened in membership and prestige. In the small countries of Eastern Europe, in Italy and France, they were influential, and in many cases the dominant faction, in governing coalitions. This new power and status created grave problems for the Soviet leadership. There were competing claims among the various national Communist Parties: Yugoslavs clashed with Italians and Austrians over Trieste and Carinthia; the territorial and security aspirations of the French and the Poles clashed with those of the Germans; Macedonia embroiled Greek, Yugoslav and Bulgarian Communists in bitter altercations; Slovakian Communists wanted greater independence from Czech Communists. Russia, as arbiter of these competing claims, not only aroused the resentments that normally accompany the role of arbiter, but the suspicion that she was settling these issues in terms of her own national interests.

Nor was the field of economic relations without its tensions. There was little love for the joint-trading corporations which the USSR established in some of the liberated nations on the heels of its victorious armies. These corporations, in which the Russians reserved a controlling interest, were widely regarded as thinly disguised instruments of imperialist exploitation. Just recently Tito accused the USSR of wishing to keep Yugoslavia in a position of economic servitude, reducing her to the semi-colonial status of supplier of raw materials.

Other problems plagued the Russians. The concept of Balkan federation advanced by Tito and Dmitrov was a potential challenge to Soviet hegemony. The pulling powers of the West, symbolized by the Marshall Plan, constituted an even greater challenge. These various contradictions crystallized into Titoism, which is basically a revolt against the self-assumed and heretofore unquestioned right of the USSR to be the exclusive arbiter of controversies within the Communist movement. Tito said:

"Our critics, especially those in the USSR, have taken upon themselves the sole right to interpret what is and what is not internationalism and have assumed a monopoly on Marxism, stating, contrary to Lenin, that Marxism can be further enriched only in the USSR."

Precisely this right of the Soviet Union to be the organizer, guide and arbiter of world communism was uniformly stressed in the resolutions of the Communist Parties of the world in their support of the Cominform against Tito. From now on party ac-

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tion everywhere was to be brought into line and made to conform rigidly with Soviet practices and experience.

When Dmitrov addressed the Bulgarian Workers' Party Congress in 1946 he placed his stress on the differences between the October Revolution in Russia and the postwar transition to socialism in the new democracies. "Every nation," he said, "will effect its transition to socialism not by a mapped-out route, not exactly as in the Soviet Union, but by its own road, depending on its historical, national, social and cultural circumstances. . . . [We Marxists will] find our own Bulgarian course toward socialism." At the recently concluded Congress of the Bulgarian party, however, Dmitrov's emphasis had shifted to the similarities with Soviet practices in agriculture, industry, politics and culture. And the by-laws of the Bulgarian party were amended to read that "it [the party] is an inescapable part of the common world Communist front headed by the Soviet Bolshevik Party, which has proven itself in the struggle against capitalism and in the building of socialism."

Ideology has been a major weapon of the Soviet leadership in combating Titoism. Just as the new democracies are geared into the Soviet military defense system by the standardization of weapons and training manuals, so the directing political role of the Soviet Union is promoted through standardization of ideological weapons.

The basic catechism of international communism is established in Stalin's *Short History of the Communist Party (Bolshevik)*. Although it was originally published in 1938, the renewed stress on its use arose with Titoism. A whole recent issue of the Cominform bulletin was exclusively devoted to the book's importance in the ideological life of the Communist movement.

The West makes a mistake to regard Titoism as a Yugoslav phenomenon. Tito publicly expressed his anticipation of support from Bulgaria. The crisis in the Polish Communist Party, which was temporarily abated by the removal of Gomulka from the leadership, was a crisis over Titoism. It is well-known that French communism is divided between a "national" wing and a Moscow-oriented wing. The struggle against "bourgeois nationalism," the Cominform today declares, is the "most important task of the Communist Parties." One of the major manifestations of bourgeois nationalism lies "in the strivings to weaken the bonds of friendship with the Soviet Union." The attitude toward the USSR is now "the test of devotion to the cause of proletarian internationalism."

Titoism may yet prove the weak spot in the monolithic character of international communism despite the efforts of the Soviet leadership to keep a close hold on the loyalties of international communism by deepening the division between Communist and non-Communist worlds.

It is our conviction that the emphasis on ideological conformity has also been connected with a struggle for power within the Soviet Politburo. In a power-oriented totalitarian society such as the Soviet Union, the question of Stalin's succession is a fundamental one. Power struggles within the Soviet hierarchy have always assumed an ideological character. Trotsky, Bukharin, Zinoviev headed political factions; they also represented conflicting interpretations of the Marxist-Leninist theories. In the twenties and early thirties power struggles within Russia were always reflected in parallel struggles in Communist Parties outside of the Soviet Union.

Today the attack on bourgeois ideology in the Soviet Union may reflect an attack on an aspirant for Stalin's position who has been identified with the Western orientation. It is difficult to establish the *dramatis personae* in this struggle, but its frequently rumored existence was again confirmed by President Truman's remark that there were Soviet leaders who desperately wanted to come to an understanding with the United States. It is interesting that Tito appealed over the head of the Cominform to the Politburo; he must have felt he had supporters there. Browder, who was ousted from the American Communist Party because he believed that a progressive American capitalism would coöperate with the Soviet Union, has supporters in Moscow.

I do not claim that I have exhausted all the possible factors that have caused the ideological upheavals in the Soviet Union. Social analysis is difficult and treacherous because social causation is multiple in character. I have not sought, for example, to assess to what degree the foreign policy of the Western democratic nations influenced these developments. There are some who will argue that the events I have described represent an ideological preparation of the Soviet people for a war which the United States is planning against the Soviet Union. It is my belief, however, that the evidence in the realm of ideology indicates that the initiative for rupturing the wartime coalition came from the Soviet Union and was a reaction primarily to problems within the Soviet sphere rather than to US policies.

Whether the Soviet leadership will move more deeply into a truculent isolationism or whether the contradictions generated by its present policies will culminate in a crisis in which the saner, more conciliatory, elements will regain control, we do not know. One of the dismal effects of an intellectual orthodoxy which orders social scientists to produce materials that will validate and reinforce the dominant ideology is to intensify the delusions and misconceptions held by the Soviet leadership. And this can have the gravest consequences.

Until Soviet policy changes, however, it is clear that art, science and culture in the Soviet Union will remain in a state of regression. Intellectuals in the non-Communist world have a duty to prevent the reactionary influences now emanating from the Soviet Union from infecting world science and culture, while keeping alive the hope that when the Iron Curtain lifts, Soviet intellectuals will resume their rightful place in building a world science and world culture.

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IMAGINATION RUNS WILD

The descendants of Verne and Wells have struck a bonanza in those yarns that addle the brain and chill the blood

by Richard B. Gehman

The United States is studying the possibility of creating a military outpost hanging like a tiny "moon" far up in the skies . . . it was disclosed today by Secretary of Defense John Forrestal. *Associated Press, December 29, 1948.*

RECENTLY, IN NEW YORK, a man walked into the Argus Book Shop and asked for *The Outsider and Others*, published in 1939 at five dollars. When it was produced he glanced at the price and, without blinking, sat down and wrote a check for sixty dollars. He considered this a bargain—the book often had brought a hundred.

The Outsider is a collection of stories by the late H. P. Lovecraft, a writer esteemed by readers of science-and-fantasy fiction. That it sells today at twelves times its published price, and more, is informative.

It is also informative that another New York bookseller has a standing order from a Pittsburgh minister for every science-and-fantasy item that comes in; that a Pasadena manufacturer keeps his collection, which numbers about two thousand volumes, in a concrete vault with four-foot walls; and that a drugstore in Oak Ridge, Tennessee, sells out 150 copies of *Astounding Science Fiction*, the leading magazine in this field, within three days of its publication each month.

The fact is that science-and-fantasy has come into its own, has been a rapidly expanding literary fad, perhaps even a trend, since shortly before the end of World War II. A foreigner, making a cursory survey of our magazines and bookstores and deducing that the country has gone mad for the subject, might well be correct. Here is some evidence.

¶ During the past three years, trade publishers have brought out more than fifty anthologies and novels of science-and-fantasy.

¶ Five new publishing houses devoted exclusively to the *genre* have sprung into existence.

¶ Twenty-odd magazines in the field are enjoying unprecedented circulation booms.

¶ Such relatively cautious publications as the *Saturday Evening Post* and *Harper's* have run stories about vampires and interplanetary intrigue. The *American Scholar*, with an article by Harrison Smith, has made note of "The Rise of Fantasy in Literature."

¶ Scores of forgotten books are selling at inflationary prices. Some of the Mars novels of Edgar Rice Burroughs, published at two dollars, are going for ten.

Despite this popular frenzy, it is difficult to say exactly what science-and-fantasy is. Seasoned fans contend that it is best to split it into two general headings, "Science Fiction" and "Fantasy Fiction," and to discuss them separately.

"Fantasy," in itself, usually deals with beings, creatures or forces outside man's empirical knowledge, such as spirits, ghosts, elves, werewolves, elementals, demons and the like.

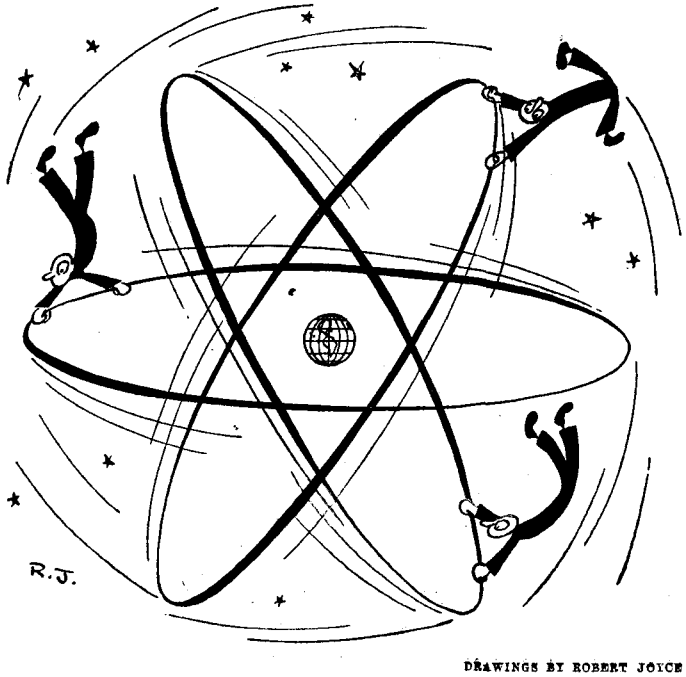
"Science" employs facts now within knowledge or experience, carried to probable (or improbable, depending upon how you look at it) extensions of the imagination: time-travel, interstellar commerce or wars, utopias, mutations, and so on.

Yet the two fields overlap. Often, a story based on a valid scientific concept will take off into fantasy; sometimes a basic scientific proposition will be employed in a fantasy. It seems, then, that "science-and-fantasy" is the only broad phrase that is accurate.

Readers of science-and-fantasy, like readers of detective fiction, come from all classes and occupations. But unlike the whodunit fans, they seem to be infected with a virus. They read, reread and analyze stories with the zeal of scholars tracking down the key word in a Shakespearean play. They correspond with other sufferers, sometimes in letters running to twelve pages. They snip favorite stories out of magazines and bind them into their own private anthologies.

They also publish magazines—*fanzines*, as someone (someone who reads *Time*, no doubt) has called them. One bibliography of fan magazines recently listed more than a hundred titles, adding apologetically that several more may since have come into being.

Some of the magazines



DRAWINGS BY ROBERT JOYCE

Richard B. Gehman was, during the war, editor of the Oak Ridge Journal, official weekly of the atomic-bomb project. He has contributed to Collier's, the New Yorker and many other magazines.

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are *Satyric, En-Garde, Wudgy Tales,* the *Nucleus,* the *Science Fiction Savant, Fan-Dang, Walt's Wramblings, Fandomania, We Just Had to Do It* and *Have at Thee, Knaves!*

Their contents run from unblushing adoration to minute critical analysis, and their editorial tone falls somewhere between *Partisan Review* and *Modern Screen.* The articles may contain such sentences as "Love that Lovecraft!" or "Bradbury's creations illustrate the phenomenon of a childlike perception projected through the sensibility of an agile, adult imagination."

Fantasy Commentator, perhaps the best of the fanzines, once ran a history of fan magazines, written by Sam Moskowitz. It was published in eight instalments, each more than 3,000 words long.

A substantial body of peripheral and complementary work, more or less scholarly, has grown up. A history of science fiction, *Pilgrims Through Space and Time,* by J. O. Bailey, is selling steadily; so is H. P. Lovecraft's survey, *Supernatural Horror in Literature* (both published by Ben Abramson, New York). *The Checklist of Fantastic Literature,* edited by Everett F. Bleiler (Shasta Publishers, Chicago), lists some 6,000 titles and is the result of seven years' research by several men.

Most of the famous writers in history have had a crack at either science or fantasy at one time or another. A partial list would include the names of Nathaniel Hawthorne, Henry James, William Dean Howells, Kipling, Gautier, Aldous Huxley, Shelley, Dickens, Galsworthy, Dreiser, Fielding, Anatole France, Thomas Mann, Jack London, Maugham, Conrad, Defoe, Charlotte Brontë and Samuel Butler. The *Checklist* also reveals an imposing number of writers whose output consisted of almost nothing but science-and-fantasy.

Predecessors of today's super-imaginative fiction were being written as early as the middle of the seventeenth century. In 1641, a founder of the Royal Society, Bishop John Wilkin, described a telegraph, a phonograph, and a flying machine. In 1785, two years after the Montgolfier brothers began experimenting with their famous balloon, the anonymous *Aerostatic Spy* predicted the development of a guided balloon. This predecessor of the dirigible was constructed of animal skins and powered by a stove. The locales, characters and subjects have changed as man has advanced his knowledge.

J. O. Bailey has divided the travel journals into these general categories: wonderful machines (usually flying machines, but often telegraphic or television devices); voyages to unexplored lands of the earth; voyages to the center of the earth (presumed to be hollow, and inhabited); and voyages to other planets, usually the moon.

Other early tales were concerned with the creation of life (*Frankenstein,* by Mary Shelley, is an example), longevity potions, mesmerism, alchemy, strange beings from dimensions beyond the third ("What Was It?" by Fitz-James O'Brien) and scientific principles applied in the detection of crime.

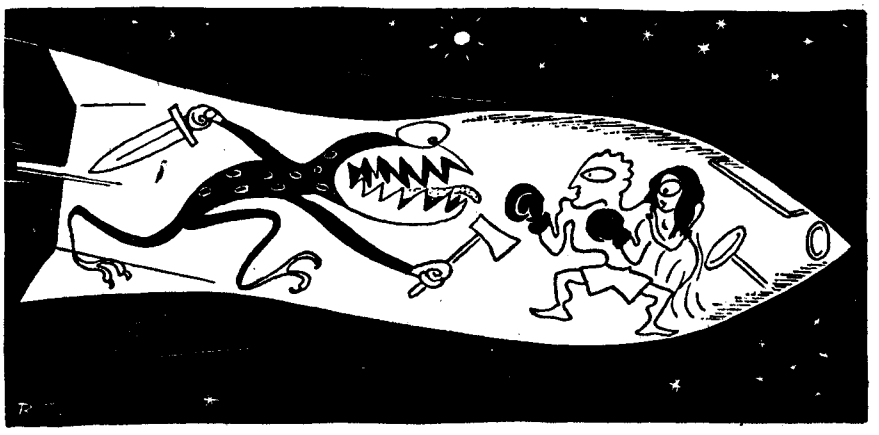
As communication and industry became more highly developed, the idea of a world catastrophe began to appear. Mary Shelley was one of the first to write of "The Last Man" alive in the world. Her story takes place in the twenty-first century, after a great plague has virtually destroyed civilization.

Edgar Allan Poe was also interested in this idea. In "The Conversation of Eiros and Charmion," two souls discuss the end of the world as caused by a collision with a comet. This was the first known use of a subject which later became familiar fare.

Poe and Jules Verne, his disciple, were perhaps the most important of the nineteenth-century writers. Poe's work was not confined, as many believe, to stories of horror and the supernatural. He was also fascinated by aeronautics, the transmutation of metals, robots, and travel to the center of the earth.

Not all his stories were seriously motivated. One, dealing with a robot chess player, revealed that the machine was so constructed that a human being could hide inside. Poe presumably wrote this story to attack a similar robot which was attracting great attention at a contemporary exposition.

Verne based many of his tales on inventions and theories which already were being speculated upon seriously by scientists. His reputation as a prophet thus was not as firmly grounded as many believe. *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea* dealt with the submarine in remarkably accurate terms, and *Journey to the Center of the Earth* presented



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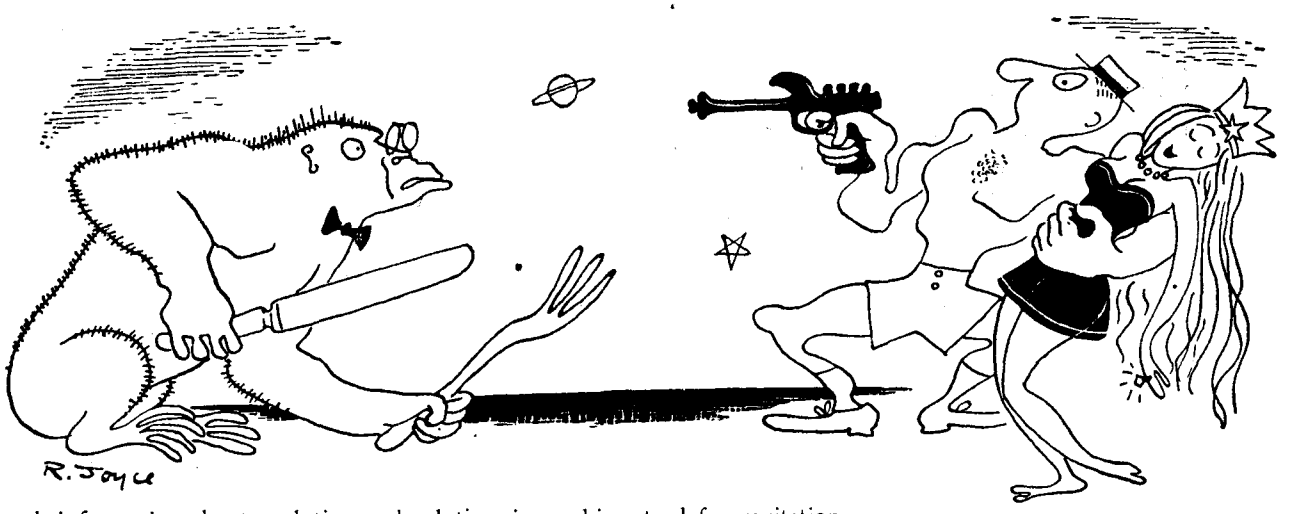

much information about evolution and geology in a popular form. He was preoccupied with the potentialities of electricity. His submariners shot fish with electric guns, and his *Underground City* (written in 1877) was illuminated by incandescent lamps. Edison perfected the electric lamp in 1879.

The Industrial Revolution had a profound effect upon science fiction, and to some extent upon fantasy. Each new invention, as it cut off an avenue for prophetic stories, also suggested new possibilities to the writers.

With the advent of H. G. Wells, writers began to branch out considerably. Utopian fiction had always been popular, but Wells gave it a currency never before attained. Of all the writers in the field, he had perhaps the best scientific training.

Wells was greatly interested in the world of the future, both as utopia and as chaos, and also in interplanetary travel (*The War of the Worlds*). As early as 1914, he was writing of atomic bombs (*The World Set Free*).

In 1905, he described a utopia that would be completely equipped with fast trains and airplanes, enclosed cities, air-conditioning and plastics. The state would own all land, utilities and resources, and would be governed by a group of people who would excel mentally and physically. Individuals would be free to follow their own pursuits.

In the early years of this century, new themes began to replace the old. Writers became absorbed with evolution, in machines to defy gravitation, photo-synthesis, relativity, telepathy and, of course, atomic energy.

The last was so common in science fiction before the war that when the National Censorship Board asked all publications to cease using the words "atom" and "nuclear physics," the science-fiction magazines escaped the silencer. It was felt that their readers might become suspicious if the terms suddenly disappeared.

Today, science fiction still deals in subjects which were popular in Wells's time. Not many new subjects have come along, although A. E. Van Vogt has written two books in which the action is based on non-Aristotelian logic. And a story by William Tenn has suggested the existence of a sort of futuristic "Erector" set for children: The Bild-A-Man Kit.

After the announcement of the atomic bomb, the stories took an ominous, gloomy turn. They now incline to presuppose a Third or Fourth World War in which all civilization will be destroyed. They deal with mutants created by radioactivity, and sometimes with supermen whose full powers have been attained with the help of atomic energy.

Fantasy fiction, on the other hand, has remained pretty much the same as it always was; it is limited not by knowledge but by free play of the imagination. If anything, it has become more horrible and unbelievable.

Although science-and-fantasy was always popular in England and in France, it didn't get a foothold in this country until about twenty-five years ago, despite the occasional appearance of popular writers like Poe, H. Rider Haggard, Verne, Wells, A. Merritt or Lord Dunsany.

The old *Harper's, Munsey's* and *Argosy* would now and again print a story of this type, but it wasn't until 1923, with the founding of *Weird Tales,* that writers began to find a real outlet in America. *Weird Tales,* by the way, is still going strong.

Weird Tales printed fantasy, for the most part. It was followed, in 1926, by *Amazing Stories,* edited by Hugo Gernsback. This was a reprint magazine at first, but it gradually began using original material as the audience grew. (*Amazing*, too, is still being published.)

Howard Phelps Lovecraft was the first notable modern practitioner of science-and-fantasy in this country. A shy, sensitive recluse who lived alone in an old dark house in Providence, Rhode Island, he was something of a prodigy. He wrote his first story at fifteen, and at sixteen he was contributing an astronomy column to a local newspaper.

Lovecraft was influenced, to some extent, by such eighteenth-century "Gothic" novels as Horace Walpole's *The Castle of Otranto,* and by Poe and Lord Dunsany. As fantasy writers go, his output was not large. He published only one small book in his lifetime, and most of his stories never reached an audience larger than that of *Weird Tales.* He died in 1937.

Lovecraft is notable, however, for

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the tremendous influence he exerted over other writers. In creating the *Cthulhu Mythos*, a series of legends concerned with cosmology and prehistoric races, he provided himself and other writers with material to draw upon for years to come. The *Mythos* was taken up, expanded and enlarged by Clark Ashton Smith, Frank Belknap Long, Robert Bloch, Henry Kuttner, August Derleth and others.

Derleth might be called the man most responsible for the current craze. He and Lovecraft had been correspondence-friends for about twelve years. Shortly after Lovecraft's death, Derleth and Donald Wandrei, another science-and-fantasy writer, submitted his *The Outsider* to two trade publishers.

When both turned the collection down, Wandrei and Derleth indignantly decided to publish it themselves. They thereupon founded Arkham House, named for the Massachusetts town of Arkham, another Lovecraft creation.

That was in 1939. Today, the most recent Arkham House catalogue lists about thirty-five titles. Ten others, out of print, are selling for unbelievable prices. (Lovecraft is not the only Arkham House author: others include M. P. Shiel, Algernon Blackwood, Ray Bradbury, A. E. Van Vogt and Cynthia Asquith.)

Not content with publishing books, the apparently indefatigable Derleth (who as writer and editor now has some fifty volumes to his credit, not all of which are science and fantasy) has collected several anthologies for other publishers.

The titles include *Sleep No More, The Night Side* and *Who Knocks?* (all Rinehart and Company, New York), and *The Sleeping and the Dead, Strange Ports of Call* and *The Other Side of the Moon* (all Pelligrini and Cudahy, New York). The newcomer to science-and-fantasy who wants to find out what it's all about, might well begin with one of these.

The reader who wants to dip into Lovecraft need not spend sixty dollars. He can get a respectable collection of fourteen tales for about sixty cents: *Best Supernatural Stories of H. P. Lovecraft* (World Publishing Company, Cleveland).

A number of anthologies published in the past two years might interest the casual reader. Doubleday (New York) offers two: *Man into Beast,* strange tales of transformation, edited by A. C. Spectorsky, which includes John Collier's "Green Thoughts" (man into plant) and Franz Kafka's famous "Metamorphosis" (man into cockroach); and *Travelers in Time,* edited by Philip Van Doren Stern, which includes H. G. Wells's "The Time Machine."

Groff Conklin has edited two excellent collections: *The Best in Science Fiction* and *A Treasury of Science Fiction* (both Crown, New York). The two biggest fantasy collections are *Great Tales of Terror and the Supernatural*, edited by H. A. Wise and P. M. Frazer (Random House); and *Pause to Wonder,* edited by Marjorie Fischer and Rolfe Humphries (Julian Messner).

There are several possible explanations for this new interest in science-and-fantasy.

Since the war and the dropping of the atomic bomb, the intimations of biological warfare and of supersonic flight, the radar beams bounced off the moon, the improbable inventions upon which German scientists were working, people suddenly have realized that the fantasies of the past are rapidly becoming realities.

These developments have removed much of the skepticism about science fiction. A New York editor recently said, "It occurs to me that atomic fission has lowered the threshold of improbability. If you can believe in the transformation of matter into energy, it follows that there is damned little else you can't believe in."

Harrison Smith has written, ". . . The age of invention rapidly became the age of anxiety . . . and certainly the age of fear. . . . The scientific fantasy story may, indeed, be explained as a necessary device . . . as a buffer against known and more conceivable terrors."

But if readers use fantasy as a buffer, it may also be that they are fascinated by it, like a frog by the rays of a flashlight. It may be that there is something hypnotic about tales of terror to come, and stories of beings outside natural law.

Another possibility lies in the unrest of the times. The citizen today feels confused and impotent, and many science-and-fantasy stories present a hero who operates outside organized society, cutting across all barriers, untouched by laws by virtue of his very existence. Certainly this must be a subconsciously attractive idea to the millions who feel that the complexities of the modern world are stifling them and their activities.

But what is by all odds the most likely reason is also the most frightening. Much of the current science-and-fantasy is concerned with utopian societies of the future. It may be that people today, disturbed by the threat of war, by domestic insecurity and discontentment, feel a kind of nostalgia for the safety the future must represent. It may be that they are eager to embrace a world where wars, high prices and racial inequalities do not exist—a world that exists only in fiction—as a kind of substitute for wrestling with the intractable realities, the inflexible times.

If this is the case, there can be no doubt that the prophets among the science-and-fantasy writers—the new prophets of doom—will not only continue to enjoy their popularity, but live to see their prophecies come true.

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BLACKOUT FOR WHITE PLAGUE

The UN's greatest single achievement thus far is a campaign that will protect thirty million European children from TB **by Bruce Bliven**

EVERY DAY this week, and for many weeks past, long lines of women and children have been standing in the corridors of public buildings in a dozen European cities. The lines have inched forward into rooms where each child is given a test, rapidly but carefully, by a group of doctors and nurses.

Though the mothers probably do not know it, and the children of course still less, they are participating in the biggest fight against disease ever undertaken. It is a fight which is itself the finest single humanitarian achievement of the United Nations. And it holds out the hope that we can, and perhaps in a few decades shall, virtually wipe out one of the deadliest of human plagues: tuberculosis.

Within the next year or so, 100 million children in many countries will be examined for this disease. A certain percentage will be found to have been infected in the past, but luckily these lesions have healed. A certain additional percentage will be found to have active tuberculosis, which will then be treated as carefully as the available financial and human resources—often heartbreakingly small—permit.

About 30 million of the children will be found to have no tuberculosis, past or present. These will be inoculated with the amazing BCG vaccine, which gives protection against tuberculosis in a very high proportion of cases, an immunity lasting four or five years and sometimes more.

Despite the fine work done by the National Tuberculosis Association, many Americans in recent years have failed to take this disease as seriously as it deserves. This is partly because of the great emphasis that has been laid on other afflictions such as cancer and heart disease, and partly because, for various reasons, the tuberculosis rate in this country has been going down.

One reason for this is improved sanitation; another is the better care many tubercular patients now receive; a third is improvement in diet. Since the war, because of overcrowding, inadequate sanitation and deterioration of diet, the death rate in Europe has been going up. Whereas in the United States 10 to 15 percent of the children under the age of 18 show past or present infection, in some parts of Europe the comparable rate is 80 percent or more. In Vienna, for example, the incidence of cases is four times as high as before the war, and the death rate has doubled. In Warsaw, the death rate has tripled.

But even in this country, tuberculosis is still a serious matter. Although the age level at which initial infection occurs is steadily rising, the disease is still the number-one cause of death among young adults between 20 and 40. Fifty thousand Americans die of it every year; there are 500,000 active cases in this country, of which only one-quarter are in hospitals or sanitoriums, and only one-half are getting treatment of any sort. There may be as many as 180,000 active cases which are not identified at all, with the consequent danger of spreading infection.

The tubercle bacillus was isolated by Dr. Robert Koch in 1882, and the astonishing story of BCG begins in the year 1908. At that time two Frenchmen, Calmette and Guerin, at the Pasteur Institute, knowing of the success of vaccination for smallpox, began to wonder whether something of the same sort could not be done with the tubercle bacillus. They grew the germs of bovine TB slowly, in a culture broth of potatoes and ox-bile, and from time to time the germs were transferred to a new culture plate of the same substance. This process reduced their virulence. After two years, the germs had been so weakened that they could safely be introduced into the bodies of laboratory animals, where they created immunity for long periods without bringing on a case of the disease.

By 1921, the experiments had gone far enough to justify using BCG ("Bacillus Calmette Guerin") among human beings. Since the greatest danger of fatal infection is found among small children in families where an adult has an active infection, the vaccine was first used on babies living under these circumstances. Without the vaccine, 25 percent of the children got TB and died of it; with BCG, less than one percent of the children died.

Just when BCG was beginning to be known to the medical world, came disaster. From Lübeck, Germany, came the word that 271 children there had been inoculated, and all of them had become gravely ill with tuberculosis; 77 died. This news, on the front pages of the world's newspapers, badly frightened doctors everywhere. Perhaps the tubercle bacillus was not sufficiently weakened down, after all. Perhaps in some obscure way it had managed again to grow strong enough to become deadly. At any rate, the doctors did not want to take a chance. BCG was put on the shelf, along with many other once hopeful medical discoveries which had not stood the test of time.

But not everyone was satisfied with these results. An insistent demand arose within the medical profession that the Lübeck results should be checked over. This was done, and it was discovered that a bungling laboratory assistant had made a dreadful error. Those 271 German babies had not been given BCG vaccine at all; they had been injected with *actual tuberculosis germs*. The wonder was, not that some died, but that any of them had survived.

With this reassurance, the use of

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BCG again went forward. All over the world, doctors tested it thousands of times under controlled conditions. As a result they learned the facts I have given earlier: it protects an extremely high percentage of those inoculated, for periods ranging upwards from four years.

For months now, the great campaign I have already mentioned has been in progress. Last summer, the big gray vans of the vaccination teams were seen on the roads of half a dozen countries. (On one occasion, the doctors and their supplies were floated down a turbulent river on a raft because there was no other ready access to a remote Slovakian village.) Usually the whole population of a small town gathered in the village square, or the schoolhouse, while the doctors explained what they were doing and reassured the anxious parents that no harm would come to their children. Then the lines formed, and the process of examination began.

Triumphs of diplomacy were needed to reassure ignorant peasants about what was being done. Some of them could not understand why their children, obviously quite healthy, should be vaccinated. Sometimes, the parents of children who, because of evidence of past or present lesions, did not receive the subsequent BCG treatment, were indignant over this seeming discrimination. Occasionally, they tried to bribe the physicians.

While the campaign involves the cooperation of many, the chief participants are the Red Cross organizations of the three Scandinavian countries, the International Children's Emergency Fund and the World Health Organization, the latter two branches of the United Nations. The testing program is already under way in Czechoslovakia, Finland, Poland, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Greece and India. Other countries on the list are Albania, Bulgaria, Italy, Ceylon, Egypt, Lebanon, Mexico, Austria, Pakistan, Algeria, China, Morocco and Tunisia. Rumania and France are doing or planning similar work, but independently.

In the Scandinavian countries, BCG has been in use for years and is now compulsory for everyone, children and adults alike, in some areas. It is reported to be given, by mouth, to all newborn babies in Soviet Russia. (This method of administration has been discarded elsewhere as being the least effective.)

The preliminary test to show whether a child needs BCG is simple and conclusive. A minute amount of tuberculin, which is a growth product of the tubercle bacillus, is given the child, being injected between the skin layers of the forearm if he is over 12, and applied to the skin with a small piece of adhesive tape for those who are younger. Within a day or two, the tuberculin gives a reaction if the individual has previously had a tuberculosis infection. Those who experience no reaction are then given BCG. The doctors know from experience that under present conditions in Europe only about 30 percent of the children who are less than 15 years of age will be found to have neither past nor present tubercular lesions.

BCG is not, of course, a cure in any sense and is not given to those suffering from an active infection. For a cure, medical science still relies on the well-known standard forms of treatment—complete rest in bed and that nourishing food which is so hard to get in Europe nowadays. Pulmonary tuberculosis is sometimes also aided by collapsing the lung, through surgery or other means, in order to help the process of healing by means of complete inactivity.

A great deal has been printed about the curative value of the new drug, streptomycin, much of it far too optimistic. While streptomycin, which is one of the antibiotics derived from soil bacteria, is the best single chemical therapeutic agent known, it is by no means a cure-all. It can be used successfully only in certain types of cases. It sometimes produces troublesome side effects. The tubercle bacilli may develop resistance to it, in which case its value ceases. It must be used only in cases of a type known to be helped by it and under carefully controlled conditions. (A new form of the drug called di-hydro-streptomycin is free from some of the disturbing toxic effects of the earlier type and can be used in larger doses.)

As this great campaign of the United Nations seeks to stamp out tuberculosis among the children of Europe and, later on, of Africa and Asia as well, similar work is going forward in other parts of the world. In the United States, elaborate tests are in progress in New York, Illinois, Pennsylvania, Georgia and many other places.

Work is also being done in Canada and has been going on actively for many years in Latin America. In the United States the first recipients of wholesale BCG immunization will probably be Negroes and Indians, two races which suffer seriously, under their present adverse living conditions, from TB.

It is probable, as I have suggested, that if we had the collective will to do so, we could in a few decades bring under control this dreaded disease, which now kills something like five million people annually throughout the world and incapacitates many times that number.

For this purpose we should have to ignore the adults who now have tuberculosis or are likely to get it, and concentrate on the new-born children. If we could vaccinate all new-born babies, and repeat the vaccinations at intervals of a few years for a couple of generations, a very large majority of all the human beings alive at that time would have high resistance to the disease. Such a campaign would cost perhaps a third of a billion dollars annually, an insignificant sum when set over against the productive power of the 100 to 150 million people in every generation who now die of TB.

The United Nations is not yet ready to work on such a scale; but we may take heart from the present campaign, which will itself save millions of lives and is an important augury of things to come.

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MAVERICK'S ADVICE TO NEW CONGRESSMEN

Maury Maverick was a member of the Texas delegation in the 74th and 75th Congresses, 1935-39; he was Mayor of San Antonio for the two years following that; then a director of the War Production Board, 1941-43; then head of the Small War Plants Corporation, 1943-47. He is the author of In Blood and Ink *and* A Maverick American. *Discussing Maverick's right to advise new congressmen, Charles A. Henderson, of the Atwater Kent Foundation, formerly a special assistant in the WPB, said: "I have known Maury twenty years and doubt that any man in America is better qualified to advise new congressmen. Stentorian of voice, subtle as a brass band, courageous, sincere and frank, he has haunted phonies and fence-straddlers throughout his public career. Those who don't like him certainly respect his patriotism, guts and brilliance. Smart Washington newcomers will listen to him."*

DEAR NEW REPRESENTATIVES AND SENATORS:

All of a sudden you are an IMPORTANT PERSON. So start with this: Accept and understand your grave responsibility. Take it seriously—but keep your sense of humor. DON'T TAKE A BACK SEAT.

Remember—Washington is filled with good people with brains: Some other people are clever and smart, too, and will try to slow you down.

Do Your Job

Here are some essential things to do.

1. Learn the floor and debate rules. Get three "Jefferson's Manuals" (Rules of House). Also get the Senate Rules. One for your office, one for home (demand they be tabbed) and a little one for your back pocket. Organize classes. Learn those rules; learn how to get up and speak for five minutes. Worlds have been moved in those five minutes.

2. Meet the doorkeepers, various committee clerks, the sergeant at arms. They are efficient, all good people and helpful. These people won't double-cross you, irrespective of party.

3. In your first speech, wait thirty minutes, then go ask for it from the reporter. Or have it sent to your office. Correct it. *Put subheads in it,* so it will be read. Get shorter sentences. Make shorter paragraphs. Get white space. Ask also for print proof if you want it, which will be sent to your home that night. Get a Government Printing Office style manual.

4. Go over to the Library of Congress. It has the most beautiful interior in the world. Also, the greatest and richest treasury of knowledge. Work those people to death. They like it. They will do research for you over the phone, and deliver books to you, marked right where you want them.

5. Get a map of D. C. and around. Drive your own car in other sections than the Northwest. Drive through the Negro and white slums.

6. On Sundays, shut off your phone —or better, go sightseeing: to Mount Vernon, Monticello, Gettysburg, Baltimore. In town, see St. Gaudens' "Grief" at Rock Creek Cemetery; the Lincoln Monument; the Washington National Cathedral (Wilson's Tomb); the Franciscans' Catacombs; the Shrine of the Immaculate Conception (at the National Catholic University). Above all, see the museums, the Capitol itself, the art galleries, Folger's Library (Shakespeare), and go walking at Haines Point by the Potomac.

Week days: Go at midnight to the GPO, the greatest and most spectacular printing office on earth. Visit the Bureau of Engraving, the Pure Food and Drug Division Laboratory, and the Agricultural Experiment Station at Beltsville.

7. Get the White House to have two congressional meetings *at the White House,* very soon and after supper. First for all new congressmen. Another for new Democratic congressmen only, with Rayburn, McCormack and Forand. Do not draft the President to play the piano—let him play, if he volunteers. But ask him to talk informally. Ask him what he wants done. Do not be talked out of these meetings.

Some More Rules

No catchwords. The worst sin a congressman can commit is to solve his own inhibitions or fears by adopting catchwords. Catchwords are used by people who are afraid to make solutions, or to make excuses, or to intimidate the other fellow.

The word is recuse. Sure—observe party discipline. (Sam Rayburn is a fine man: tell him your troubles), but watch that seniority system, the party caucus and the Rules Committee. Go along with the party when you can, fight inside for progress. If you go to a caucus, and they try to hogtie you on something too strong to gulp down, *recuse* yourself. When the caucus is over, just walk up, and sign a slip. "I recuse"; you have that right. To recuse is to refuse to follow, to reject, except to, to challenge; it's there for your protection.

They will beat you over the head with the stuffed clubs of polite extremes. Also impolite extremes, if they think they can scare you. For instance, if you want to enforce the Anti-Trust Act, as you should, you will be told you are ruining business. The Bigs will get the Littles to wire

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NEUWIRTH

you. And it is certain that your hometown paper will attack you, for almost everything, except for getting the New Post Office. (You will be called a STATESMAN when you fill the pork barrel.) But remember, when the papers and the Chamber of Commerce and the NAM bite you, they were not for you in the first place.

Don't seek a bad press, but don't be afraid, and don't give in. Be friendly with newspapers and reporters, even the Chicago *Tribune*, but don't let them chouse you around.

Stand for Something

Health. Vote for the National Health Bill and for national health insurance, in spite of hell, high water and the windy Dr. Fishbein. The docs will spend $10 million to flood you down with the biggest, meanest and dirtiest lobby fight ever put on Congress. The old family physician who brought you into this melancholy globe will weep over you and look at you pained-like. The County Medical Society will send you smug, threatening and insinuating resolutions. Tell them all to go to hell.

Housing. The housing will cost little in appropriations. Vote it; *the money will come back,* EVERY CENT, as it has in the HOLC, the FHA and the low-cost projects. All that was a good investment for business and the banks. NOT ONE THIN DIME HAS BEEN LOST BY THE GOVERNMENT ON HOUSING.

Controls. Controls are inevitable or we Chinafy ourselves. *The condition of inflation is much worse than when you were elected. Much stronger measures are needed now.*

Unload those generals. They never got beat in an election, or were lied about, or persecuted, or humiliated, like Lincoln, two Roosevelts, Jackson, Jefferson, and you. Blow that dusty House and Senate bugle for assembly back to the barracks. Generals have no understanding of civil life, human forces. They have absolutely no business in civil posts.

Beat communism with progress. What secures peace? Armies? Treaties? Denunciation of communism and Russia? No; it's a matter of groceries; global economics. Fight for world trade, for the industrialization of the world. Money by billions, and arms, for corruption will never save this world. No country appreciates being given that kind of money.

Representative, Senator, listen: In the long run, no nation is going to control this human race. Not us, not Russia. Not the British Empire. Human beings are human beings the world over. We are not going to be able to sit in complacency or fear; we can't even control Santo Domingo.

Congress and the world have got to stop babbling symbols. When people eat and work, they do not fight.

Don't be a committee slave.

Now remember, you are going into a hard life, but with a chance to fill your own soul with glory.

They will tell you not to rock the boat (Washington and Jefferson and Lincoln did). You will be stashed out on a committee like a Dutch tulip bulb in the dark with little pebbles around you. You are supposed to stay quiet in that darkness for many springs, and when you emerge to blossom, you may be droopy and blind, too old to see or too tired to want to. You will be unctuously told that if you work hard, keep your mouth shut, "do your committee work" and answer letters—that is to say, if you are a grinning, hand-shaking dummy—you will be reëlected continuously and some day be a committee chairman and even wear striped pants, in which you would not dare show up at home. Yes, you will be a chairman and, by then, a dodo, an intellectually dead keewee. You will get a pension all right, and when you die you will be promptly forgotten.

This is true: The people of the United States voted against Wall Street and the Communists. But don't be led off the track by somebody feeding you labels of any kind. Certain old-timers and young demagogues will rise to prove everything new or corrective is communism. The C of C, the NAM, 86 percent of the newspapers, will oppose everything. And because of the recent punkin drammer, they will try to divert you and make a punkin chaser out of you instead of a progressive, fighting legislator. Old-time American liberalism and progressivism is not communism—it is just the opposite: never forget that.

For a quarter-century, I have seen young handsome men, full of ideals, spring into Washington. I have seen many slink away, heavy of soul, fat of head, lazy, sick, stupid, traitors to the people who sent them there. I have seen others stay to lobby for the special interests whom they originally fought against in Congress and which they now serve like dull, political eunuchs in the harem of a pasha.

The pressure on you to follow in their footsteps will be great.

Everything you do that is new or that inconveniences anybody will bring self-righteous criticism, pious warnings. Often when you act as a true statesman you will be ridiculed and thought a fool. Many times they will try to work through your wife and kids, holding out the bribe of better clothes, a better home, better schools, protection against the unending sense of insecurity for your family that will haunt you. But don't give in. Do what *you* think is right.

You face what Joseph Conrad tried to write about, that is, being alone. But if you can feel and see beyond the fake forest built around you by newspapers, selfish people and special interests, the world is with you. Not to be dramatic, but two billion frightened and suffering people are depending on you, and their hearts are beating with you. Stay with them.

MAURY MAVERICK

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

WASHINGTON WASN'T LIKE THAT

by Malcolm Cowley

I READ Dos Passos' new novel (*The Grand Design*; Houghton Mifflin Company, $3.50), which is the final volume of his Spotswood trilogy, with a mixture of one part admiration and three parts dismay. The admiration was chiefly for his courage in seizing upon the biggest political subject now available for treatment in fiction: the New Deal from 1933 to its defeat and temporary abandonment ten years later. Dos Passos doesn't nibble at the edges of the subject like other novelists; he takes us to Washington, introduces us to the New Dealers, tells us how they fought among themselves for power, suggests the effect of their policies "in the field"—meaning the country at large—and does all this in a book that, weak as it is in characterization, is still a soundly constructed panoramic novel. *The Grand Design* is a better and livelier story than *Adventures of a Young Man*, which was the first volume of the trilogy, but still it gives a misleading picture of its subject and that is partly the reason for my dismay. As I remember the Washington where I lived and worked in the spring of 1942, it bore only a superficial resemblance to the city that Dos Passos describes in his novel.

He catches the feel of the streets in summer, the look of the wilted seersucker jackets and the sudden chill one felt on entering an air-conditioned government office. He is good on cocktail parties in old Georgetown houses, on expensive receptions at the Mayflower and on walks through Alexandria to the waterfront. He has an excellent memory for visual details, perhaps the best of any American novelist, but he seems to be losing his memory for the sound and sense of spoken English. Most of the characters in *The Grand Design* don't *talk*, in the usual sense of the word; they recite fragments of editorials from the liberal weeklies or from the *Daily Worker*.

In a note Dos Passos explains that the characters "are inventions through and through and any resemblance they bear to real people alive or dead is accidental." The resemblance is more than accidental but a great deal less than convincing. One cannot fail to recognize figures that are all but labeled Tommy Corcoran, Ben Cohen, Felix Frankfurter, David Niles—to mention a few—and yet they haven't the breath of life in them; they are wax models in a museum designed to illustrate the horrors of the New Deal. Roosevelt himself appears only in the background as a smile, an upturned chin and a cigarette in a long holder; and yet he is the arch villain of the piece—unless that role belongs to Judge Oppenheim-Frankfurter, with his sinister voice on the telephone and his continual mention of what he calls "the great objectives."

There is, however, another villain who appears in the foreground and in the flesh-colored wax. He—or perhaps I should call him "they"—is a combination in equal parts of the unpopular qualities ascribed to Henry Wallace and to Harry Hopkins. Thus, he has Wallace's solemnity, his strain of mysticism and of course his willingness to work with the Communists; but he has Hopkins' sallow complexion, his ulcers and his fondness for slightly raffish company. In one scene he telephones his bookmaker and bets $2,000 on a horse, after consulting his private numerologist. A reader feels that the scene is not only unreal but grotesque, because a man of the Wallace type wouldn't bet on the horses and a man of the Hopkins type wouldn't consult a numerologist.

Besides these affronts to our sense of possibility, the book also contains factual errors that are surprising to find in the work of an author who has paid so many visits to Washington. Take for example the career of Paul Graves, who comes as near to being a hero as anyone in the novel. Graves has spent two or three years in Russia as an agricultural expert hired by the Soviets, but he comes home with the conviction that the New Deal is more revolutionary than anything the Russians are doing. He is soon appointed to a high post in the Farm Security Administration, where he remains until he is assigned to a still higher post in the Bureau of Economic Warfare. *Error*: Any man with Graves's record and his New Deal convictions would have been attacked on the floor of the House, by Repre-

DRAWING BY MARIANNE DARTH

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sentatives Dies and Hoffman among others, and would have been forced to resign before his agency received its annual appropriation.

A second example: Georgia Washburn, the tragic heroine of the novel, lives openly with a Communist labor leader until he deserts her. She then comes to Washington and gets a job as Paul Graves's secretary. She is entrusted in wartime with restricted information. *Error*: Georgia's liaison with the Communist would have been discovered in the course of a routine examination by the FBI. One morning when she came to the office she would have been led to the door by uniformed guards.

A third example: Joe Wilks, an uneducated labor organizer, gets a job with the FBI. When he reports that the Communists had something to do with Georgia Washburn's death, he is called off the case by his superiors because, as he says, "We can't offend our damned allies." If the FBI ever withdrew from a case because it might involve Communists, that would be sensational news. But Dos Passos makes a simple factual error here; he forgets or never bothered to learn that FBI agents have to be either law-school graduates or certified public accountants.

A fourth example and the last I shall mention, although there are others: Jed Farrington, a Communist leader who had been a colonel in the International Brigades, is appointed to a civilian post in the War Department and thus saved from the draft. He plans to conduct espionage for Russia and to see, as he tells Georgia Washburn while making love to her, "that these damn social fascists in Washington don't sell out to the real fascists." In 1942-43 the Communists had temporarily stopped talking about "social fascists"; that is a small point, though it helps to show that Dos Passos isn't writing from personal knowledge. The flat impossibility in the Farrington episode is that any veteran of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade should have been cleared for a War Department post.

These facts are so widely known that Dos Passos' disregard of them shows something more than carelessness; it shows the sort of blindness that results from the compulsive need to prove a theory. But theory is too mild a word for the doctrine that Dos Passos is advancing in this novel; he is arguing for anti-communism as a religious faith rising high above questions of fact. As presented in the novel, his faith includes some extreme and ultramontane dogmas. One of them seems to be that all Communists are subhuman creatures, knaves, liars, cowards, pederasts or abortionists, monsters of selfishness and intriguing fools who, in spite of their foolishness, had achieved a sinister domination over the American government. Another dogma is that the New Dealers were evil, too—except for a few misguided idealists like Paul Graves—and that they tolerated and agreed at heart with the Communists. Still another is that all those who believed we should fight Hitler before December 7, 1941, were heartless demagogues and Communist tools. With their allies they formed a conspiratorial army of commies, long-hairs, do-gooders, international Jews (yes, they appear in the novel) and rattle-brained crusaders, all working together for their "Grand Design," which was really to set up a Soviet dictatorship in America.

"What has happened to Dos Passos?" one asks in sorrow, remembering his very great contributions to American fiction. After the First World War he was the first serious novelist to discover a method for writing on a broad scale and for giving a picture of collective destinies. Within the framework of novels like *Manhattan Transfer* and *USA* he was able to present hundreds of persons on different social levels, rising, falling, colliding momentarily, but always moving toward a common goal, so that he suggested the life of a city or nation. Those two are still his best books and they have changed the nature of the American novel. *The Grand Design* won't change anything except our picture of Dos Passos. What really dismays me in the novel is not that it is false in its picture of the New Deal, but rather that it isn't a novel at all, in spite of its big theme and its firm construction. It is a political or religious tract in which the characters, instead of being persons, are the bare bones of arguments dressed in seersucker suits and set limping down Pennsylvania Avenue to the White House.

WOLFE'S HAMLET

MANNERHOUSE: A Play in a Prologue and Three Acts, by Thomas Wolfe (Harper and Brothers; $3).

SOMEWHERE NEAR THE FOOT of the mountain of unpublished manuscripts which constituted the literary effects of the late Thomas Wolfe was found this youthful play, written, it is believed, in 1926, three years before the publication of *Look Homeward, Angel.* In that year he observed in a letter to a friend at the Neighborhood Playhouse: "This play belongs to no world that ever existed either by land or sea. For it, I have created a medium as special as the one Coleridge used for the Ancient Mariner. . . . It became the mold for an expression of my secret life, of my own dark faith, chiefly through the young man Eugene. If you would know what that faith is, distilled, my play tries to express my passionate faith in all myth, in the necessity of defending and living not for truth—but for divine falsehood. That, simply, is what I mean, that has come as truly from me as anything I ever wrote. . . ."

Wolfe wrote that at twenty-six, about the play and about himself, in the exhilaration and assurance of a young man who has just completed a full-length play and does not doubt its greatness. It is an interesting statement, in many ways more interesting than this play, which serves chiefly to give dimensions and dramatic form to his "dark faith" and "secret life."

His publishers state on the jacket of "Mannerhouse" that it is not autobiographical and hence is of special significance to an understanding of his development as an artist. It seems to

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me that it could be said rather that this understanding can be gained from the fact that "Mannerhouse" is, although not in the conventional sense of time and place, essentially autobiographical, and that it is possible to move easily and with recognition from the Eugene Ramsay of the play to the Eugene Gant of *Look Homeward, Angel.* Both are concerned with the defense and perpetuation of myth, as was Wolfe, who was always, in both of these and in all of his novels, Wolfe-Eugene. These three share the same conflict, because they are the same: and indeed throughout all the great lumbering novels, in which Wolfe strove so mightily to encompass life and express it truly, there is the triumphant entrance and reëntrance, the bright, airy sound and the aura of myth.

Eugene Ramsay, the young Southerner of '61 whom Wolfe casts in the role of Hamlet in "Mannerhouse," struggles against the tragic romanticism, the vainglory, the mannered chauvinism and the gallantry-by-rote of the period, articulated by and embodied in his father, the General, a proud and graceful gentleman of inherited beliefs. For General Ramsay his great plantation house, the Cause of Secession, the Southerners' God-given stewardship of the Negro and the regional purity of Womanhood presented a clear and admirable pattern for living; death in defense of these was a privilege. His disillusioned son fought bitterly against the myth of chivalry until finally, on the eve of battle, Eugene capitulated: "I go with you. I think I see you now, for the first time; and there's a halo around your head. . . . I follow the man and not the cause; and serve the man so long as he may live. For I shall go with you, my general, striking a blow for my own disbelief. . . ."

Peering at this play across the massive novels which followed, it is difficult to evaluate it in terms of itself, to bring it out from under the long shadows of Eugene Gant and of Thomas Wolfe, who has already, after ten years, taken to himself some of the color of the myth which so held and concerned him. As a play, considered technically and judged by really good ones, it is not, I suppose, very good. It is somber, sometimes tense, often moving and nearly always eloquent, frequently topheavy with a symbolism which misses absurdity only because the scale is grand and it is passionate and filled with the vitality that quickened everything Wolfe wrote. It is interesting to see Wolfe working under the discipline of the play form, which demands a succinctness, a condensation which he did not have, or did not choose, to consider in his novels. It is only in the stage directions, some of which read like prose passages, that he can indulge his tendency to be prolix.

Wolfe's stamp is on this play, there is no doubt about it—the excitement, the energy, the eloquence and the kind of shine that is in his writing is here, on every page, and the play lies beneath them, secondary and shadowed. No doubt that is why, as I read it, I felt that I was not so much reading a play as reading something by Thomas Wolfe. JOHN WOODBURN

REFLECTED LIGHT

THE KEATS CIRCLE. Edited by Hyder Edward Rollins (The Harvard University Press; 2 vols., boxed; $12.50).

THESE VOLUMES collect 352 documents (mostly letters) written between 1816 and 1878 by people who were either friends of Keats or connected with his reputation. Hyder Edward Rollins, the editor, describes them as a "source book," and they make available to the student of Keats material hitherto difficult of access. But its value as a "source book" lies in an indiscriminate completeness that rather lessens and diffuses its interest for the general reader.

Although several correspondents were as close to the poet as anyone, the account of Keats the man are surprisingly disappointing. We learn that he was "a most fascinating creature" and that "never by nature was there a more amiable character." One writes: "If you knew him, you would also feel that strange personal interest in all that concerns him," but the infatuation of Keats's circle seems to obscure the object of its hyperbole. One exclaims characteristically: "I deem myself lucky to have such a subject to write about"; but these people are more attentive to their affection than to the object of their feelings, so that when, for instance, we come across so slight an observation as "how badly [Keats] read his own poetry" it refreshes, by contrast, as real insight. More frequent are such reflections as, "We are straining for ever so small a niche in the temple of fame" (by reflected glory), or the injunction of another correspondent: "Do *you* get Fame—and I shall have it in being your affectionate friend," while another friend refers, in 1818, to "my collection of 'Keatsiana'." Self-congratulations of this sort are numerous.

In these pages we come upon the origin of many Keats legends. Present, even to exact phrases, is the critical estimate of him that was made in the nineteenth century. There was the second-only-to-Shakespeare school, free with references to "this most noble-feeling and brightest genius to be found in existence." In contrast is the legend of Keats's slaughter by the critics. There were several obtuse and even personal attacks in the Reviews, but these were immediately repudiated by what must have been the most intelligent contemporary opinion. The attacks were of the kind that serves to advance a reputation—"I see the daily papers teem with remonstrances against [one critic's] arbitrary decision." (A telling comment on the preoccupations of the press at the time!) And the view that critical hostility caused Keats's death is best answered by his friend, Joseph Severn, who was with him in Rome when he died. Severn insists convincingly that Keats's death was caused by his despair at the first symptoms of consumption (hereditary in his family) and the necessarily consequent separation from Fanny Brawne. He writes that in these conditions "the idea of death seems

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his only comfort—the only prospect of ease." But he suggests more radically the temperament that was exacerbated by these circumstances when he declares that "poor Keats never possessed or even felt" calm of mind.

Several members of the circle wrote an almost illegible hand, and as all mistakes and alternate or possible interpretations are included in a wilderness of brackets and parentheses, the printed page is occasionally less than a pleasure to read. Nor do these letters, as a whole, mark a high point in epistolary literature. Many of them are badly written—bombastic, discursive, crabbed or stilted. They exhibit stylistic defects, for the most part, of a kind to prejudice one against what must have been a dull pack of correspondents. There are exceptions. The letters of Monckton Milnes are mere peremptory business letters on the subject of the biography he was writing; as such they must be as exempt from stricture as they are from praise. The letters of Keats's brother George contain an independently fascinating account of life in America (particularly Kentucky) during the 1820's and 30's. And the letters from Severn, written from Naples and Rome during Keats's last illness, are a continuous and graphic nightmare.

To the student of the subject, all of both volumes will be of inestimable value, and the editing of the texts, annotated with relevant information, is an admirable work of scholarship. JOHN FARRELLY

BIOLOGIST IN CHINA

CHINA: THE LAND AND THE PEOPLE, by Gerald F. Winfield (William Sloane Associates; $5).

A COMPLETELY non-political book about China at this time would be wildly improbable, but for a large section of his 429 pages Gerald F. Winfield seems to be achieving the feat. A practical research biologist, with a passionate interest in sanitation, Winfield lived, worked and traveled in the country from 1932 to 1945. He speaks the language fluently and is a student of China's woes and possibilities.

In so far as his *China: The Land and the People* springs from Winfield's personal observations and investigations it is an exceptionally interesting and thoughtful work. It has the merit of considering matters of vital importance that are usually sidetracked by politics. After the studies of China's problem from the Marxist, liberal, esthetic and almost every other point of view, it is striking to find one written from the bias of the expert on fecal-borne diseases. When the author has finished describing the state of public health, sanitation and communicable ailments in China, the reader who has been there will wonder how he escaped with his life. Every reader will gain, perhaps for the first time, a clear picture of the gargantuan task faced by any Chinese government that undertakes to build a healthy nation.

It is most impressive to find so sympathetic and ethical-minded an observer as Winfield confessing that, until birth control is introduced on a broad enough basis to reduce radically the Chinese birth rate, he would oppose wholesale measures to fight epidemics. "I suggest," he says with remarkable frankness, "that public health measures which can save millions of lives should not be practiced in China on a nationwide scale until the stage is set for a concurrent reduction of the birth rate. Existing misery and poverty can be permanently eliminated only when there are fewer, healthier people, with longer life expectancy and greater economic security. The future welfare of the Chinese people is more dependent on the prevention of births than on the prevention of deaths."

But even this objective-minded scientist cannot escape the political picture, and it is curious to see that a man who can be so radical in facing facts in his own field grows careful and conservative when the dirty word, "communist," is uttered. While admitting most of the charges that have been brought against the Kuomintang regime, he still sees more hope in Chiang than in his enemies, because, as he says, "the Chinese Communists are Communists." I don't think anyone now doubts that they are, but, even according to Winfield's evidence, there is more to it than that.

He does not accept, for instance, the belief that the sad state of Chinese agriculture is the result of feudal domination by big landowners. On the contrary, he says, the larger farms are more practical and efficient and therefore more admirable than the small holdings. It is a sound point, but he fails to recognize that by advocating it, he is not refuting the Communists, but is merely making the radical suggestion that they should go further than they have and institute as soon as possible a collective-farm system.

Nor when he sets down with care and detail the tremendous job involved in building China into a great, modern, democratic nation does he see that the important matter is not whether the Chinese Reds are really Communists or merely agrarian reformers. It is, as his facts make clear, that the magnitude of the task to be met by a new Chinese revolutionary government, even if it is Communist-led, will of necessity demand radical reform that must be met by a liberal agrarianism and a nationalistic and progressive democracy, rather than any doctrinaire Moscow type of communism. That, at least, offers the best chance for a nation which has been wrecked by reactionary rule, and Winfield recognizes that Americans cannot change it by force.

The Chinese Communists are at present in a situation where they need not be Moscow stooges, and very probably they will not become such unless our actions drive them still closer to the Kremlin. This, of course, is a calculated risk, but in the present situation—one largely of our own making—that is quite evidently the best we can expect. It is the risk Paul Hoffman, ECA administrator, has taken in his statement that aid will continue to be available to any Chinese government that "would continue free institutions." RICHARD WATTS JR.

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RADIO: The Embattled Listener

TUCKED AWAY on a back page of the New York *Times* not long ago was an Associated Press dispatch based on a little-known report submitted to Congress by Representative Forest A. Harness of Indiana. The defeated Republican, chairman of a special committee to investigate the FCC, asked Congress, according to the *Times* headline, for "Freedom of Radio." He had found evidence to support the premise that publication of an FCC report back in 1946 "was a deliberate step toward government control of radio." The "evidence" was an allegation that a former employee of the BBC had prepared that report.

The document cited was the FCC's famous "Blue Book," which criticized broadcasters for their lack of public responsibility. It was written by staff members of the FCC and, approved unanimously by the seven members of the Commission, was issued on March 7, 1946. Eight months earlier—in July, 1945—the FCC had had on its temporary pay roll for 29 days a man named Charles A. Siepmann, who wrote *part of the first draft* of what was to become the Blue Book. For 12 years, ending in 1939, Siepmann had served with the BBC, where he organized school and adult educational broadcasts. After that he was educational-broadcasting adviser to the president of Harvard and, during the war, deputy director of the San Francisco office of the OWI. He is an American citizen. He has criticized American broadcasting in his own writings—but with nothing like the severity he has applied to his British alma mater.

The rumor that the Blue Book was BBC-inspired was invented by commercial broadcasters. It was given currency by Justin Miller, president of the National Association of Broadcasters, whose career has been marked by temperate statements like: "The Blue Book was seized avidly by crackpots, communists and rival advertising media, who proceeded to heap ridicule upon broadcasting and broadcasters, generally."

What broadcasting fears is not loss of freedom to broadcast but enhanced freedom to listen. The Blue Book not only chastised some broadcasters; it encouraged listeners to exercise their rights. Some listeners are doing just that: hence the disinterment of the Blue Book and the Siepmann "scandal."

Siepmann is now chairman of the Department of Communications of New York University. On behalf of the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith he has also just written a pamphlet, "The Radio Listener's Bill of Rights: Democracy, Radio and You" (20 cents). Siepmann's style is lucid and not one-tenth as forbidding as his title. He shows what good there is in radio, samples its potentialities, and finds them unrealized. He decides that listeners have defaulted "from ignorance, indifference, and inertia," asks that they bestir themselves to individual action and group pressure. He concludes with "Shaw's awful warning to us, nowhere more applicable than in radio: 'Get what you want, or you will grow to like what you get'."

Parallel to Siepmann's challenge is an action by the Northern Baptist Convention and the Council of Social Progress of the Baptist Church. Among other things, the churchmen intend to look into "the moral implications" of the give-away programs in an effort to find out what such broadcasts are "doing to our people mentally, morally and spiritually." They express themselves as "anxious to be as helpful as possible" to the industry in its hour of "inner tension and strife." But they also pound the pulpit and demand that broadcasting:

> . . . try to ease its apparent frenzy over dollars, soap and cigarettes, sponsors and advertising agencies, and give America a little peace and quiet in attractive packages of Sunday night, such as concert hours slanted in the direction of those millions of families which will turn on their radio sets again if they can be assured that the investment of time will pay good dividends.

By NAB standards, that's radical talk. But all around the country, sometimes too politely but often with a good deal of vigor, listeners *are* talking back. Siepmann has a partial list of listener groups and publications in his pamphlet. My list is probably also incomplete, but I find that:

¶ The American Association of University Women has 45 listener committees in California. "The Listener Speaks" is an effective piece of AAUW-sponsored pamphleteering.

¶ The Radio Listeners of Northern California was formed only last spring by 37 civic, welfare, church and educational organizations.

¶ The Wisconsin Joint Committee for Better Radio Listening, at Madison, has published two excellent pamphlets, "Let's Learn to Listen" and "Radio Listening." This group has become an effective pressure unit, a force in broadcasting in its area. One of its radio monitoring projects involved the work of 1,452 listeners checking on 30 stations.

¶ Out of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, comes periodically a publication, *The Radio Council-Aire*, which makes a conscientious effort to give cohesion to a number of radio listener groups. One issue listed councils in 11 cities.

¶ One of the most effective, and oldest, of listener groups is the Radio Council of Greater Cleveland.

¶ The Voice of Freedom Committee, of which Dorothy Parker is chairman, has 2,000 monitors throughout the country.

¶ The Girl Scouts of America has a special badge for radio proficiency and understanding for girls in the "intermediate" group (ages 10 to 14).

¶ *Scholastic Teacher* runs periodic listings of programs recommended by the Federal Radio Education Committee (FREC).

¶ The *Service Bulletin* of the FREC

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is a spur to sensible selective listening.

¶ *Radio & Television Best*, a "fan" magazine, has just announced a project to organize a national panel of 100,000 listeners to criticize radio and television.

The industry wants no lay criticism; it feels the listener's place is at the dial. It dislikes groups that compile dossiers and forward them to the FCC. That kind of thing can make a station a lot of trouble when the time comes for license renewal. Nevertheless, that's what some of the organizations are doing. And there are even more immediate results. One group (in Wisconsin) had opera broadcasts restored after they were canceled for the area; another (in California) takes credit for NBC's embargo on network mystery shows before 9:30 p.m.; a third (Voice of Freedom Committee) claims to have found air room for William L. Shirer after he had been blacked out on CBS.

The Institute for Education by Radio, the School Broadcast Conference, and the National Association of Educational Broadcasters are furnishing leadership and encouragement to the general trend. As yet, it is only a trend, not a movement. The listener panels are scattered; they are tucked away in corners of large national organizations with widely different major aims. There is no national organization, no national scope, no general agreement on modes of operation, no definition of common goals, not even common acceptance of the rules observed by some groups to keep the broadcasters from horning in on the party. But the beginnings of a national body, strong enough to stand up to organized broadcasting, are here.

SAUL CARSON

THEATRE: Poem from Paris

PARIS WENT CRAZY over Giraudoux's "The Madwoman of Chaillot," and so would I, were it not for the production given it at the Belasco Theatre. That made me mad. It was a case of love-hate at first sight.

In all fairness, however, it should be said that, regardless of its production, "The Madwoman of Chaillot" afforded me more pleasure than any other play produced this season. It is a little masterpiece, a model of what the theatre can still achieve in the way of poetic statement on contemporary material.

There are a number of approaches one might take to Giraudoux's gem. In another period, when the purely artistic or theatrical aspects of a play would in themselves suggest its total value, I should have been glad to confine my discussion of "The Madwoman" to its formal beauties. But today when a play is praised, it is usually spoken of as a delight, a hit, a thrill—terms that might just as appropriately be applied to a fashion show, a ball game or a ride on the shoot-the-chutes. For this reason I shall emphasize more than is customary, or perhaps even necessary, the meaning and sense of "The Madwoman."

Balzac hated the bourgeoisie, because he was a royalist. His novels were at once an apocalyptic picture of the hell the bourgeoisie was in the process of creating and a testimony of the grandiose energy and magnificent scope that went into that creation. A romantic by temperament, Balzac was a realist in his art, because the hell he was describing was in fact a great new world being wrought before his very eyes, a world still destined to a long life. . . . Giraudoux, a witty impressionist and "realist" enough to serve as a minister in his country's government, wrote of the Paris of our day as a fantasist. For Giraudoux was a political conservative, and the conservative, who wants to see the ugliness of our times done away with, can only dream.

"The Madwoman of Chaillot" is the reverie of an honest, sensitive, wholly civilized Frenchman who at the end of his life (Giraudoux died in 1944) contemplates the world about him and sees that it is fast becoming a moral as well as a physical ruin. His alert eye and probing spirit tell him that the ideology of profit is the chief cause of the growing rottenness. He is a clever man, so he is amused, he is a good man, so he is saddened, he is a peaceful man, so he fancies, "If all the money-bags—the newly rich, the black marketeers, the sinister profiteers, the pimps of capital—were drowned in the sewers like rats . . . what then? Then the birds would sing again, love would flower, and Paris would once again become the poets' enchanted realm."

But who is to bring about this miracle? Not the government—which is merely the official face of the universal skulduggery; not the socialists, communists and anarchists, for they are either dry doctrinaires or indelicate fanatics. Who then? The old aristocrats, as indigent now and as lacking in standing as the disorganized proletariat of the streets. These aristocrats alone retain a sympathy for the adorable riff-raff of Paris—the ragpickers, the shoe-lace salesmen, the obsolete artists—who would be their natural allies in the annihilation of the filthy bourgeoisie. Giraudoux's play is a prank, a sophisticated Mother Goose tale. Yet, in spite of himself, Giraudoux is a revolutionary. For what his play ultimately says is: to be respectable in France even the conservatives must be revolutionary; and, if their conservatism prevents valid action, the least they can do is *wish*.

"The Madwoman of Chaillot" is iridescent with a fantasy that is compounded of sweet memories, ancient wisdom, a tradition that is still vibrant through the survival, amid the debris, of bright mental faculties and keen senses. "Paris is old, very old," says the Sewer-Man, and the romance of this play (like that of the Madwoman herself) is the romance of an old consciousness that seems derelict

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and grotesque in the linear and soulless new world of slot-machine efficiency. The young lovers have to learn the facts of life and take hope from the maxims of the mad.

Except for Christian Berard's sets (salvaged from the original production), which are on the creative level of the play itself, the current show is like a misguided reading of the script in the early stages of rehearsal. This does not mean that there are no gifted people at the Belasco, but acting talent in a play of this sort is only a first ingredient. It needs transformation into the lyric and modeled texture which the entire production should be.

I found James Westerfield, for example, well cast as the Sewer-Man; Estelle Winwood's mask and adeptness in the delivery of lines are excellent qualifications for the Madwoman of Passy, but her performance is still only a sketch. And while Martita Hunt in the title role is unquestionably an able actress, she plays it on the mistaken assumption (the director's or her own) that its essence lies in a picturesquely eccentric make-up and a stagily romantic "aristocracy," whereas it resides in the profound and almost gross earthiness of the woman's experience, its deep-delved decay. It is that decay which produces the character's and the play's wonderful glow.

HAROLD CLURMAN

MOVIES: Passing Strange

AFTER SOMETHING LIKE a year of premature announcements, after months of rumors and delays seemingly not unconnected with the notorious Hollywood-in-Washington episode, Dore Schary's "The Boy with Green Hair" is at last released. Very mild sensation.

I have seen only the final version of this film. Perhaps in earlier prints and before Howard Hughes bought RKO Radio, it was a fighting document. But this seems unlikely, for its whole conception is too soft, too sentimental, too ingratiating to raise welts. Only the thinnest skins and the guiltiest consciences could have objected to so benign an idea. I don't doubt that such objections were filed, or that changes were made, but the impact must always have been much the same.

"The Boy with Green Hair" has emerged as a worthy message and a passable entertainment, an allegory in which a charming young war orphan suffers the mishap of having his hair turn green (a shade of grass green that is surprisingly attractive in Technicolor). At first the boy glories in his unique adornment, but he soon learns the loneliness, humiliation and fear in store for those with the effrontery to be different. Lesson one: tolerance.

At the moment of his worst despair, the boy encounters a group of waifs—the lost children of Europe whom he has known before only as pathetic figures on posters appealing for aid. They greet him as a long-awaited friend, as a messiah, even, and explain that his hair is green so that men will notice him and so that he can tell them that war is bad for children. Lesson two: peace. In the end, he suffers his head to be shaved, and that could have been a very bitter lesson three, but as it is stated the conclusion is merely vague. There has been, at a guess, some tinkering just here.

The film is well done—very well done by Dean Stockwell as the boy; less well in the case of his guardian, Pat O'Brien, playing again that damp-eyed professional Irishman who must so infuriate the Irish. As for the message, it would be awkward to object publicly to tolerance and peace (it may be significant that, for all the huffing and puffing, no censor of "The Boy with Green Hair" has thus far shown his face). But it is an indication of Hollywood's opinion of us all that it bathes us in easy tears when it preaches its double sermon. Schary can't really believe us capable of rising to brotherhood and love, for if he did he would appeal to our brains and our resolution, not to our handkerchiefs.

It may come as an unexpected blow from the past that the theme song of this picture is "Nature Boy."

There are some rather showy practitioners among present-day Freudians (the Jungians seem less talented publicists), but scarcely any who would care to attempt therapy under the conditions set forth in "The Dark Past." An analyst (Lee J. Cobb) weekending with his family and friends at a lakeside cottage is broken in upon by a killer (William Holden) and his henchmen seeking a hideout. The analyst is a walking advertisement for his profession: he is almost abnormally sane. The escaped convict, on the contrary, twitches abominably and suffers from a compulsive trigger finger.

Holden is also tortured by a harrowing and recurrent nightmare and, with the house an armed camp, guests being

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shot on arrival, small children escaping from upstairs windows and the police dropping by for a checkup, the cure begins. Cobb employs a kind of sweatbox technique, yelling at his patient, threatening him, exhorting him to "Think man, think!" It seems a strangely muscular way to remove a traumatic block, but in this case it works. As the troopers surround the house and order Holden to come out, Cobb breaks through the last barrier to as perfect an Oedipus complex as psychiatric literature can boast.

Kidding and science aside, "The Dark Past" works up good suspense and is neatly staged, acted and written. But try to see it on a night when there won't be any analysts in the audience to kick up a fuss.

There have been complaints, quite justified, at my failure in the past to give proper script credits. "The Dark Past," then, is a screen play by Philip MacDonald, Michael Blankfort and Albert Duffy; adapted by Malvin Ward and Oscar Saul; based on the play, "Blind Alley," by James Warwick.

An odd medical atmosphere also permeates "Interlude," the Swedish import rapidly becoming famous as the film in which Viveca Lindfors caught Hollywood's eye. Miss Lindfors has been widely praised for her portrayal of a tubercular pianist who sturdily resists any therapy calculated to arrest her infection, but to some tastes she is going to seem more histrionic than convincing. The frenzy she displays whenever her "lust for life" is frustrated is theatrically possible, but only if the story and the rest of the players permit her to warm to it gradually. Miss Lindfors turns on the passion like fluorescence and seems as a result like an ambitious young actress not oblivious of scouts in the audience.

This unmotivated breast-beating marks "Interlude" throughout. As the picture opens, the residents of *The Magic Mountain* are preparing to embark on a lost weekend. Shouting contempt for the Prussian discipline of the sanitorium's chief surgeon, they drink furtive rounds of smuggled scotch, gulp down unidentified but presumably stimulating pills, sneak out after lights for an excursion into the hot spots of Milan (just at the foot of the mountain), and on their return invade one another's rooms to hold back the dawn with the fire of their embraces.

These excesses, which could prostrate a professional athlete, have a shocking effect on the inmates' fever charts and understandably distress their medical supervisor. Any attempt he makes, however, to introduce a less exhausting regimen is met by wild denunciations, sometimes brought to a halt only when the spokesman for freedom and passion falls in a coma at his feet. You get the feeling at times that the Marx brothers had an unseen hand in the proceedings.

It would, obviously enough, be possible to write and direct a shocking and moving film of chronic invalids who, made desperate by the hopelessness of their cases and forbidden every normal human outlet, decided to spend the small change of life still left to them in saturnalia. It would be possible to show how such a spirit could invade a whole hospital and produce an atmosphere of ghastly carnival. But "Interlude" does not create that story; it merely announces that such a story is being performed, and the result, for lack of patience and subtlety, is ludicrous. When the young scholar-lover, within a few hours of his arrival on the mountain top and on the eve of a serious operation, joins the conspirators for an all-night binge, he looks not pathetic but merely stupid.

The picture was made from a novel by Sven Stolpe, *In the Waiting Room of Death*, which I suspect was an investigation into the psychology of lost hope. If so, "Interlude" demonstrates again the unhappy results of ripping a plot from its context.

Miss Lindfors is a fine-looking woman with an intelligent, provocative and astonishingly mobile face. I don't think she need fear, as has been suggested, that Hollywood will tame her. It will do well if it can prevent her from blowing the fuses every time she is crossed. ROBERT HATCH

CORRESPONDENCE

Portrait of Tito

SIR: . . . As a friend, subscriber and former contributor to the *New Republic* I cannot let pass unchallenged the statements in your December 27 issue regarding Marshal Tito. This item concerns itself with the living habits of the Marshal, says "he loves good food and his belly shows it"; that "he is warm in his villas"; quotes "travelers returning from Yugoslavia" and "a man in Zagreb."

This is the sort of journalism I expect from the Hearst press and the *Saturday Evening Post*, which had as its leading article one week a story saying that Tito looked like Goering—which, incidentally, is also a falsehood.

Marshal Tito is straight as the proverbial ramrod; he is about 5 ft. 8, stocky but muscular, with not an ounce of fat anywhere; in fact, he is fit today to play a role in a Hollywood film entitled perhaps "From Peasant to Premier."

Why not leave anonymous gossip to the dirty daily newspapers?

New York City GEORGE SELDES

[The "travelers" were originally cited by Alexander Werth in a series of articles published by the Manchester *Guardian*. Werth does not name his informants, but that does not make him a "dirty" journalist. Readers who have seen recent photographs of Marshal Tito will judge for themselves the aptness of the ramrod metaphor. – THE EDITORS]

Laski, Truman and Russia

SIR: Many short-sighted persons will resent Harold J. Laski's advice to President Truman (the *NR*, December 20). I want to be among the first to hail it as a masterly and statesmanlike study which should become a classic in its field. I wish I could believe that it will be read, pondered deeply without emotion and with an open mind, and taken as a guide to action by the President himself. I only wish I could!

MIRIAM ALLEN DE FORD

San Francisco, Calif.

SIR: The *New Republic* is of continuing and varied interest, and I read Harold Laski's article on what Mr. Truman now might do with care, and approval for the most part. But somehow I just cannot find the situation with regard to Russia as susceptible as

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he seems to think it of rational solution, and I cannot see that the blame rests preponderantly upon the United States and Great Britain.

In your December 27 issue, you have an equally interesting article by Joseph P. Lash (the first of a series) titled "Iron Curtain for the Mind." It starts by discussing the attack by the colloquium of Soviet economists on the world-renowned Soviet economist, Varga. This sentence occurs in the article: "His [Varga's] downfall must be regarded as a victory for the 'two-world' school which believes in the unbridgeability of the chasm between Communist and non-Communist worlds and their inevitable clash. . . ."

A great, great many of us wish interchange not only of goods but of thought and good will with the people of Russia, and doubtless Mr. Laski has found that very easy. But it seems to me that the Politburo, the Central Committee, all the other government apparatus of the Soviet Union are increasingly making it as difficult as possible. Mr. Laski tells the United States frankly all its faults, but this particular American mind is profoundly shocked by the ruthless iron hand of dogma that is clamping down in Soviet Russia upon the minds of scientists and artists, upon free thought and speculation of all kinds. . . .

WILLIAM ROSE BENET

New York City

The Vavilov Brothers

SIR: Please take notice of the following and print that if you dare.

New Republic, January 3, 1949, page 11. "While it was suspected that the Soviet government gave encouragement to Lysenko, it came as a shock to the scientific world when Lysenko displaced Vavilov and the latter disappeared. After the war it was learned that he had died in Siberia in 1942." Joseph P. Lash.

New York *Herald Tribune*, December 29, 1948, page 11. "Moscow, December 29. Sergei Vavilov, president of the Soviet Academy of Science, said today that Russian physicists in 1949 must direct their attention to research on the atomic nucleus, etc."

It seems the displaced and for six years dead Vavilov came up to plague the American Press that is free to lie deliberately!

Smithtown, N. Y. ARON PEHR

[Mr. Pehr has confused Nicholas Vavilov with his brother, Sergei Vavilov. The statement that Nicholas Vavilov died in Siberia in 1942 has been printed many times in various places, and has never been officially denied. – THE EDITORS]

BANDWAGON

"Once More unto the Breach"

Novelist Evelyn Waugh, just back from the United States, said today that "it is almost impossible for a man to live the good life" there, but added that he was going back next month for a series of lectures at $550 each. – *UP dispatch from London.*

Under Wraps

Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and Premier Sun Fo's new cabinet have decided to continue China's civil war with a view to obtaining an "honorable peace" rather than wiping out the Communists, an authoritative source said today. – *UP dispatch from Nanking.*

Just Imagine!

In many countries the impression seems to exist that the Netherlands Army, equipped with all kinds of modern weapons, has attacked the practically unarmed Republican forces and caused terrific slaughter amongst them. – *From a communiqué sent by the Netherlands Foreign Office and reprinted in the* Australian News Summary.

Easy Does It

By means of colored liquids, gauges, floats and pumps Mr. Mooney makes economics intelligible to everyone. – *From the New York* Times.

Embarrassment of Riches

Born with silver spoons in his mouth, he has demonstrated that great inherited wealth, if regarded as a responsibility rather than a privilege, need not stunt the intellectual and moral stature of its inheritor. – *A citation awarded to Richard K. Mellon by* Forbes: Magazine of Business.

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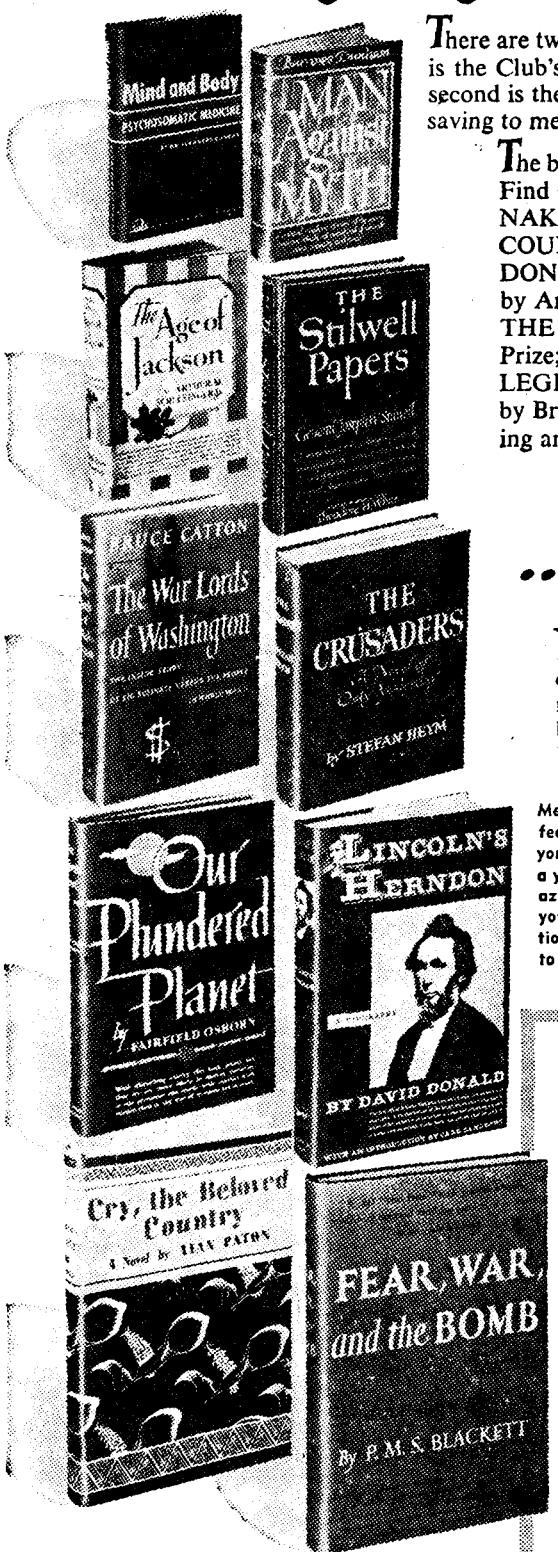

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